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DECEMBER 18, 1967 40 CENTS

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Next week

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR is the one whose achievements in 1967 most closely approach the ancient Greek ideal of pure excellence. We salute the very finest of an impressive field.

THE PRO SEASON draws to a dramatic end. A report on the confrontation of the NFL's top teams, Baltimore and Los Angeles, and on Houston's big bid for dominance in the AFL.

THE BUFFALO HUNT is a badly reported part of the American past. Edwin Shrake tells what it really was like—and describes a chilling encounter between Indian and white hunters.

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SHOPWALK

The best place to buy a Morgan horse is the state where the breed was born

There are many reasons for buying many kinds of horses, but the one major reason for buying a Morgan horse is his beauty. Short-backed and compact, his neck splendidly arched, his head finely shaped with a nose straight or slightly dished but never Roman, the heavy boned Morgan looks like an idealization of the horse.

Morgan horses can now be found all over the U.S., and it is possible to buy a fine example of the breed in the Midwest or the West, but the best place to buy a Morgan is Vermont. Just beyond Middlebury in the village of Weybridge, over an old covered bridge and down a country road, there is a beautiful barn as large and towered as an Italian villa. Set far back from the road on a green slope, it is the center of the University of Vermont's Morgan Horse Farm. The grandeur and dignity of the structure is a delight to the visitor—and an indication of the pride Vermont takes in the beauty and lineage of the oldest distinctively American breed of horse.

In the late 18th century a schoolmaster named Justin Morgan moved to Vermont from Massachusetts, bringing with him a 2-year-old colt. It was rather small—only 14 hands high—but prodigious in almost every quality one could ask of a horse. In pulling contests, in races against trotters or saddlers, it always excelled. More important, it was prepossessing as a sire so that its characteristics always prevailed over those of any mare with which it was bred. Over the years it became plain that a new breed had been developed.

Any prospective buyer should first go to the university farm. It will give advice to anyone on the purchase of a Morgan from dealers. Prices tend to be high. Expect to pay between \$2,500 and \$4,000 for a registered Morgan mare and from \$150 to \$1,500 for a weanling. Although a Morgan can pop over a fence, it is not at its best as a jumper or hunter, but it is ideally fitted as a family horse.

At a breeding farm called Ledgeburne, just outside Shelburne, recently I saw a beautiful young mare named Piusie, with small elegant ears and a carriage that would credit a centaur. The breeder led her at a trot down the road to show off her high-stepping elegance, while his partner pointed out to me her good points and what few faults he could find. Within a posture a colt and a yearling trotted freely after the mare, their necks in the same regal arch, their legs moving in precise flashes. Suddenly they reared and plunged in pride and delight. Whoever owns them someday will feel that same joy in their beauty and grace.

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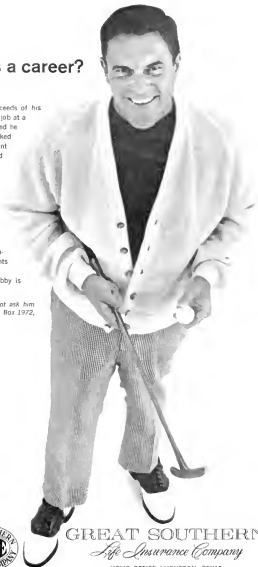
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SCORECARD

GAGGING

At the beginning of this basketball season University of Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp announced that his dressing room would be closed to the press after games and that no reporter could talk to any member of his team about basketball. This is one more instance of a regrettable trend in sport.

It has been traditional—after a “cooling off” period following a game—for the press to be allowed into dressing rooms to interview participating athletes. Although we do not go along with the complaints of newsmen concerned that barring writers from dressing rooms is violating freedom of the press, we do take issue with Coach Rupp and his kind—of which Green Bay's Vince Lombardi is another outstanding example.

It is morally reprehensible for them to close off newspapers and their readers from normal sources of information and then use the withheld information for their personal profit by revealing it on radio and TV shows of their own. Lombardi has a weekly TV program that gets much of its rating strength because he tells things there that he has hidden before. Rupp has pregame and postgame radio shows and, he told newspapermen protesting his ban, “I get more for my radio shows than some of you all do for working.”

Rupp and Lombardi should also realize what would happen if every coach adopted the tactics they have. The daily flow of information that whets the appetite of sports fans would stop, and when it did the appetite itself would die. When Rupp coached his first game at Kentucky, his salary was \$2,800 and nobody was asking him to do radio shows. He would do well to give a little back to his sport instead of adopting selfish policies that could kill it.

A PRO GOLFER

Bo Winger, who died of a stroke last week at 45, was never recognized by more than a handful of fans at a golf

tournament, but he was something of a folklore figure among the insiders on the pro tour, a throwback to earlier, more cavalier days in the sport. We always liked best the story he told about himself in New Orleans. He won the New Orleans Open in 1962 and rather looked forward to returning in 1963 as defending champion and therefore somewhat of a celebrity. But he arrived to find a picture of Jack Nicklaus on the program cover instead of himself. Bo was miffed—and he won the tournament again.

To make amends, the tournament committee arranged the following year to greet Bo at the airport with a band and a big crowd of fans carrying welcome signs. Bo was most pleased, and then he heard one elderly lady, who had joined in the reception and seemed particularly delighted by it, tell a passer-by, “That's Bo Winger. He's a star on *Wagon Train*.”

SINGAPORE SLING

The Dallas Tornados, Lamar Hunt's soccer team, which is making a six-month 19-country world tour, ran into some trouble two Sundays ago in Singapore. The Tornados lost an exhibition match against the Singapore national team 4-2 and were stoned for their efforts by the crowd of 2,000.

“We were very surprised and shocked that, despite displaying a high standard of soccer, our opponents resorted to rough play with the assistance of the spectators,” the Dallas team publicity man declared later.

Coach Boh Kap says that elsewhere on the tour the Tornados “have been on the front pages of the leading newspapers. We are now known to at least 300 million people outside of the U.S. We want to show the world that in America we play a similar game and, of course, we want to give our boys a chance to gain experience playing soccer teams in other countries.”

The Tornados got more than they

expected in Singapore, in part because the team was billed as the first American football squad ever to visit the city. Political activists took the opportunity to protest U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and they were a volatile element in the stadium. This seemed particularly ironic since the Dallas team is made up of seven British players, four Norwegians, two Swedes, two Dutchmen, one Dane and one American.

THE COMPLEAT COMPUTER

Dr. Terence Coulson, an English eel-and-tench fisherman, believes the compleat angler these days is one with a computer. Dr. Coulson and some 50 eel-hunting enthusiasts throughout Britain are collating data on their catches and using a computer to analyze the information. “So far most angling experience has been qualitative,” Dr. Coulson says. “A first-class angler lives a lifetime of experience. When he dies what does he pass on? A tip or two to a friend, maybe to his children. There's practically no flow of information between generations. The sport is in a condition of stasis. To be of any use, experience has got to be quantitative.”

Last year Dr. Coulson figures he put in 1,600 rod-hours fishing, and he has used computer punch cards to record every hour. He admits that a good many days he caught neither tench nor eel,



but his experience in not catching fish went on record, too. Otherwise, he says, all those negative values would have been lost.

Dr. Coulson's concluding argument is that Isaac Walton collected and analyzed his own personal fishing experience. “And the difference between old Isaac working from memory and a com-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

puter working on the experience of a lot of anglers is that in the latter case most of the human errors get rinsed out."

Maybe so, but when it comes to advice on how to catch a fish we'd still rather hear the doctor on the subject than his computer, which we'll bet hasn't landed a tench yet.

RETIRED

The FIS world women's downhill ski champion, Erika Schinegger of Austria, retired from competition last week after taking a medical sex-determination test. The Austrian girls' ski team was ordered to take the test two weeks ago by ski federation officials in order to avoid any embarrassing revelations by Olympic doctors in Grenoble. The results of the tests have not been published, but the Austrian ski coach, Franz Hoppachler, said that Erika, the daughter of a farmer, had told him she wanted to quit the team before the results of the tests were known. He said she spoke of "personal and private" reasons for not wanting to continue.

The 18-year-old skier, noted for her powerful racing style, had made headlines a few days before by running a practice course only four seconds behind the Austrian men's champion, Karl Schranz.

The country's newspapers left little doubt about the reasons for her retirement, and one of them, *Kronen Zeitung*, in a column directly addressed to Erika, consoled, "Please look at it this way: you are a victim of modern science. A science that has seized total possession of sport. A science for which a chromosome counts more than a mischievous, girlish laugh. But take heart. There is no place for a fashion model in the fields of your farm."

MUD IN THEIR EYE

After Jim (Mudcat) Grant, then of the Minnesota Twins, pitched his team to victory in the first game of the 1965 World Series he was surrounded by inquisitive reporters, and one asked if he was a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A big grin came over Mudcat's face, and he couldn't help laughing as he said, "I was a member of the NAACP before it became camp." Recently Grant was traded from the Twins to the Dodgers, and he explained how he heard the news from the Twins: "I got the word,"

continued



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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BY JIMMY KATZ



CREDIT CARD.

Last summer, a traveling trouble shooter for the Belden Corporation (the wire and cable people) found a whole new use for **BUSINESS WEEK**. He tried to pay a hotel bill with a \$100 company check, but the clerk politely refused to honor it. Reason: he never heard of the company.

Fortunately, the engineer spotted the manager's copy of the August 19, 1987 **BUSINESS WEEK** on a nearby table, and brought it to the desk. In that issue were four full-page ads for Belden, the initial insertion in the company's big new corporate campaign. The impressed clerk cashed the check and all ended happily.

Of course, Belden never expected this bonus when they began their BW advertising. A survey had shown the need for a campaign to impress management and financial executives with the size and scope of Belden. And the survey showed that there was no more efficient (or prestigious) way to reach them than our own magazine.

However, we don't think **BUSINESS WEEK** has much of a future as a credit card. Ever try to slip a copy into your wallet?

Business Week



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SCORECARD

Grant said. "I'm [a] general [to] be assistant of the assistant to the chairman assistant to the prime minister assistant." It's a bookworm who is going to Hollywood.

Last week, **BUSINESS WEEK** was so impressed with Grant's claim that it bought up millions of stock just before and during its disclosure in a club that over the last three seasons has won three games that are about to be league baseball. His statements do not immediately agree with both O'Connell, Calvin Griffith and Baseball Commissioner William Eckert.

Grant maintained that certain Twins had spoken openly against Negroes and that nothing was done. He cited several instances. One for example, "During the heart of the riots last summer, two players were in the back of the bus looking at photographs of Negroes being killed or raped over the head. They'd point to a picture in *Time* magazine and yell 'get 'em or 'sa 'em' if there were dogs in the photograph." And Grant added, "Usually you do what you've done for 14 years in baseball you let it go in one ear and out the other. But I'm 32 now, and it's time to raise your hand and be counted."

Although Grant did not know of it, late in the season a certain member of the team called a highly thought-of baseball official a kike in a New York restaurant. To add further to the disgrace that the Twins suffered this year when they voted against giving deposed Manager Sam Mele, who had served the team from spring training until June 9, any form of a share in the team's winnings five members of the team voted not to give Mele's replacement, Cal Ermer, anything other. Nice guys second seems to be where they finish these days.

VAGUELY NOBLE

England's champion 2-year-old, a colt named Vaguely Noble that has won two of his four starts, was sold at auction last week for the world-record price of \$342,720 and if the price raised British eyebrows so did the identity of the purchaser. The actual bidding at Newmarket was done by a Californian wearing a pseudonym, he named Albert Yank, who was identified as the head of the World Wide Bloodstock Agency, a firm that veteran horsemen had never heard of before. Yank later explained that he

was buying a agent for a United States Universal Hollywood plastic surgeon, Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn, who has used his talent to refurbish the sagging fortune of many a movie star.

Franklyn first said he bought Vaguely Noble for his wife, Wilma, and had told Yank "the sky was the limit," but later he told reporters that he was the managing director of a 15-man international syndicate called Las de Canque. He declined to divulge the other members' names, identifying them only as nine individuals from France, one from Canada, one from England and three from the U.S.

In addition to operating his Hollywood Hospital, Athena Medusa, Franklyn owns a 50-acre breeding farm and says he has had "an affiliation" with horses for 30 years. But his name and his racing colors, which he describes as solid gold, are unfamiliar to officials at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park.

Vaguely Noble is certain to change the doctor's sporting anonymity. No sale in the history of British racing had created such a surge of bidding and excitement. Some 4,000 spectators attended the sale, and British bookies reported heavy betting after they had quoted odds on possible price ranges. "Half the Thoroughbred world was after the colt," says Franklyn, and he is far from wrong.

Whatever fame the horse does bring Franklyn, it will not be the doctor's first venture into international affairs. Several years ago he was introduced to Nikita Khrushchev. When the Russian premier found out the doctor was a plastic surgeon, he asked, grinning, "What can you do for me?"

"Well, nothing," Franklyn replied. "But I'll be very happy to talk to Mrs. Khrushchev."

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Felt's Dallas Cowboy tackle, after encountering Baltimore's Johnny Unitas for the first time in a league game: "I've seen him before. I know him. He would come up to the line, look over our defense and say, 'Hello, hello.' I don't know whether that was his audible or if he was just enjoying himself. Anyway, it sure made me feel funny."
- Johnny Erickson, Wisconsin basketball coach, on his field house: "We're probably the only school in the Big Ten that covers its basketball floor with a tarpaulin."

END

A great old Christmas tradition since 1964

That was our first Christmas away from home. And our only break with tradition this year is to offer you a choice. A fifth of imported Canadian Lord Calvert wrapped with a big red ribbon. Or a fifth of Canadian Lord Calvert wrapped with a big green ribbon.

Either way, it's the same fine whiskey that people have been merrily giving and getting since way back then.



A REAL WOWSER FOR

Turning the game upside down with less than a minute left, LA's Gailivry (#8) blocks Anderson's fourth-down punt.



THE RAMS

With 55 seconds to go, Los Angeles' hopes seemed dead. Then a blocked Green Bay punt and a quick pass produced the win that brings the NFL season to a blazing climax **by TEX MAULE**



Claude Crabbs (#88) and a herd of teammates rush the ball to the five-yard line where Crabbs is doused by Anderson.



Two plays and 21 seconds later, Bernie Casey scores the winning touchdown on a Gabriel pass deep into the end zone.

CONTINUED

The Los Angeles Rams may make it past the Baltimore Colts next Sunday. They could just win the NFL championship and go on to the Super Bowl, but whatever they do they are going to have a hard time surpassing last Saturday's performance in Los Angeles. Certainly, it is difficult to conceive of an adequate encore for the wild, literally last-minute 27-24 victory they managed over Green Bay before 76,637 raucous adherents in Memorial Coliseum.

With two minutes and 19 seconds to go, Green Bay, playing with its usual methodical skill but without the special flair it seems to reserve for really big occasions, went ahead of Los Angeles 24-20 on a four-yard thrust by Chuck

Mercein, of all people. But unlikelyer things were to come.

With 55 seconds to play, the Packers lined up to punt from their own 27-yard line and the Rams, having used up all their time-outs during the short Packer offensive series, faced the prospect of getting the ball deep in their own territory and trying to piece together a touchdown drive from there.

Instead, they blocked the punt and Claude Crabb, who recovered, took the ball to the Packer five. Then, with 34 seconds to play, Roman Gabriel lofted a dinky little pass to Bernie Casey, and Casey—who must have looked to the startled Packer defenders like the loneliest end in football history—caught the

ball for a touchdown deep in the Green Bay end zone.

The Rams, of course, had expected something like this all along. They even expected to block Donny Anderson's punt. Marion Campbell, an assistant coach, sent the stratagem in. It is a system that the Rams, like all pro football teams, work on for a few brief moments each week, just so it will be available in an emergency. Instead of trying to hold up the opposing team at the line of scrimmage in hopes of a long punt runback, they station eight men on the line in gaps between the blockers. In Los Angeles' case, Tony Guillory, a substitute linebacker with good height and speed, plays head to head on the center



Jack Snow (above) eludes Bob Jeter to score Rams' first touchdown. Below, Chuck Mercein noses over goal for Packers' first points late in game.





LA's Gabriel jumps with rage after bad pass.



Bart Starr cheerfully sets ball after a bad play.



Putting Green Bay back into game (top, clockwise), Travis Williams returns kickoff 104 yards.

and goes whichever way he feels is open.

"This time I went to my right," Guillory said after the game in a Ram dressing room that was tremulous with joy. "The center's got his head down for the snap, so you get a good jump on him and I got off right with the ball. My assignment on the play is really to draw a block from the fullback, so one of the outside guys can come in free. This time nobody touched me and I came right up the middle."

Guillory hit the ball with the side of his left wrist and it wobbled into the hands of Crabb, a substitute defensive back. The full rush had loosed a band of Rams in the Packer backfield, and Crabb had an escort of seven teammates as he set out for the Green Bay goal line. Blinded by the excitement of

it all, not to say his own bad eyesight, Guillory almost knocked Crabb down trying to get in front to block.

"I can't see at all without my glasses," he said. "I didn't know Claude had the ball, and I couldn't read the numbers anyway."

Anderson circled around to the front of the milling group of Rams shepherdizing Crabb and finally nailed him on the Packer five-yard line. By the time Gabriel and the Ram offensive unit lined up for the first play there was barely half a minute left and Gabriel, who is becoming a better quarterback game by game, wasted an incomplete pass to stop the clock.

Tackle Roger Brown of the Rams' big front defensive foursome remembered watching from the sideline. "I wasn't

worried about scoring a touchdown," claimed Brown, a massive man bloodied from a cut across the bridge of his nose.

"When we blocked the punt, I knew we would get the score. If we had to pick up a man and throw him into the end zone with the ball, we're going to get the score. The touchdown was the frosting on the cake. The blocked punt was the winner, man."

The frosting was pretty fancy, at that. Most of the huge crowd had started to leave the stadium when the Rams again lost possession to the Packers following the final Green Bay touchdown, and then they stood quietly at their seats or in the aisles watching as Gabriel brought the team out of the huddle, second and five. It is a mark of the confidence the Rams' young coach, George Allen, has in Ga-

continued



briel that—with a whole season hanging in the balance—he allowed him to make his own play selection.

The obvious call was a drive into the line. The Rams, accordingly, lined up in a tight formation, both ends in close to the tackles. Casey was flanked a yard outside the Ram left end. Opposite him was Bob Jeter, with the Green Bay safeties a bit deeper in the end zone.

At the snap, Gabriel faked a handoff to Tommy Mason, who drove straight ahead, carrying out the deception beautifully.

"My responsibility depends on what the end does," Jeter explained later. "I have to read run if he blocks, and he did block."

Casey hesitated a moment as Jeter came up to meet the simulated run, then sprinted hard to his left into the end zone, away from the safety, who had been immobilized by the fake run. Casey was yards in the open when he caught the pass.

The victory, as the millions who watched the game on TV already knew only too well, sets up another supergame for the Rams this Sunday, against the Baltimore Colts. Although the Rams trail Baltimore by a full game, a win over the Colts will give them the Coval Division championship. This is so because of a rule adopted this year for the express purpose of avoiding play-off games. In case of a tie in the final standings, the rule states, the club with the higher total of points in the two games played between the tying teams is the division champion. The Rams and the Colts tied 24-24 when they met last October in Baltimore, so whoever wins this week will be champion. A tie game, however, would leave the Rams half a game out.

The race in the Coastal Division now is the only one still to be decided. In St. Louis last weekend the Cleveland Browns effectively suppressed the dying gasps of the Cardinals to capture the Century Division title. Green Bay and the Dallas Cowboys had already finished first in their divisions, the Central and the Capitol.

Allen, who is now the Rams' most successful coach, conducted his usual post-game conference in a husky, shaky voice.

"Baltimore?" he asked softly, smiling. "I don't know about Baltimore, I'm going to drink a glass of milk and then I'm going to get dressed and have a slow glass of blackberry brandy and then I'll start to think about Baltimore."

If Allen seemed wary, he had a right to be. His team made several egregious errors in the Packer game before settling down. Allen hopes that the momentum gained from Saturday's victory will serve to make the Rams a calmer team against Baltimore, which they will need to be.

In the first half, the Packers blocked a field-goal attempt and capitalized on the break almost immediately when Bart Starr coolly hit Carroll Dale with a 30-yard touchdown pass. "Looks like the same old story," a disgruntled Ram official observed. "They wait until we make a mistake—and wham."

As it turned out, the story changed. Gabriel, working on short passes and runs, got the touchdown back on a line pass to Jack Snow behind Jeter in the Packer end zone. The teams then settled down to a fierce struggle of defenses. But in the second quarter Gabriel inexplicably went to long passes. Two were intercepted, but the Ram defense rescued the team after these breaks and all Green Bay got out of both was one field goal.

In the second half Gabriel forsook the long pass to concentrate on quick look-ins or passes out to the sidelines. Soon he put the Rams ahead 14-10 with another pass to Snow for a touchdown, this one from 11 yards out. A field goal shortly afterward made it 17-10.

All during the first half, in deference to the extraordinary running ability of Travis Williams, the Rams had used squib kicks when kicking off. Now, heady with the seven-point lead, they boomed one and Williams caught it four yards deep in the end zone. He is 6'1" and weighs 210, but he has run a legitimate 9.3 hundred. He came out of the end zone at express speed. He crashed headlong into big Tackle Bob Nichols at the 15-yard line. The impact might have felled a smaller man than Williams. Instead it knocked Nichols out of one shoe as Williams bounced three yards sideways and landed balanced and running. When he hit the sideline, he was

cleared all the way to the goal line.

In past years so shocking a contretemps might have devastated the Rams, but not this time. They went on to the win that brings them up to what will be the most important game in their history—the contest Sunday against the Baltimore Colts.

Late in its game in St. Louis the next day, Cleveland found itself in a position similar to Green Bay's. The Browns were forced to punt when they were ahead by just four points, 20-16, with little more than a minute to go. But lightning did not strike twice. Gary Collins got his punt away, and the clock ran out on the St. Louis bid.

Now the Browns must face the Dallas Cowboys in Dallas on December 24 in the divisional playoff for the Eastern Conference championship. The Browns have had a good year and it might have been an even better one had Frank Ryan been completely healthy all season long. Their pair of running backs—Leroy Kelly and Ernie Green—is the best in football, and in Paul Warfield and Collins they have fine targets for Ryan's passes.

But the Cowboys can almost match Kelly and Green, and they certainly equal Warfield and Collins with their receivers, led by Bob Hayes. Their defense is even better, probably ranking behind only the Rams' and Green Bay's. Dallas should beat Cleveland.

As the Rams and Packers left the field in Los Angeles, three spectators carefully took down a sign they had displayed all through the bright, crisp afternoon. It read DRAGON JONES FOR SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. Jones had a good day against Green Bay, often forcing Starr to scramble for time to throw.

"We got to get to Johnny U. next week," he said. "Maybe then I'll take a job as Secretary of Defense."

Johnny Unitas is the most difficult of all passers to rush because of his exceptionally quick release and his ability to find receivers in a fraction of a second. And the Colt offensive line provides him with extraordinary protection. The Rams cannot afford to make the same kind of mistakes against the Colts that they committed against Green Bay. If they do not, they will win, and it may not even be a squeaker. **END**

An up-tight smile frozen on his face after rare loss, Packer Coach Vince Lombardi offers limp hand to Los Angeles' running star, Les Josephson.

NO. 24—A NEW MAN FOR NEW YORK

In his pro basketball debut, Bill Bradley was cautious at first. Then he demonstrated the way he can take command **by FRANK DEFORD**

For his professional debut with the New York Knickerbockers last Saturday, Bill Bradley stole into town on a bus from McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey, where he had been doing his weekend reserve duty. It was 6:30 in the evening when he arrived at the Port Authority Terminal in Manhattan, and

he was planning to see a man about subleasing an apartment on the East Side at 7. The cab driver warned Bradley that he had just come crosstown through the heavy traffic and it had taken half an hour. Bradley accepted the counsel, decided to skip his appointment about the sublease and took the cab straight

up Eighth Avenue to the old Garden

There, in the Knicks' locker room—which is undorned except for various large wires strung about, unconnected, and **SMOKING PROHIBITED** signs that are generally disregarded—Bradley was the first to arrive. Since visitors were barred, he was alone when he started to dress. As he hung up his second lieutenant's uniform, his teammates began to come in. Walter Bellamy, the huge center, kidded him briefly about packing the Garden. Bellamy had joked the same easy way with Cassie Russell on the night he broke in last year. Little else was said, but outside, in the gloomy Garden corridors and in the smoky old arena itself, a full house of fans and press was beginning to metamorphose into a curious, chaotic mob. Many were on hand only because it was Bradley's opening night.

There have been few scenes like it none for a Princeton man, certainly, since Hobey Baker played his first post-collegiate hockey game for the St. Nick's club against the Irish-American Athletic Association back in 1915. And none for a new civilian since Elvis Presley returned from a lark in Germany one snowy morning in 1960 and the jans of journalists demanded to know all about his sideburns and could he get it back?

Could he get it back? That was all they wanted to know this time, too, asking it over and over until, the day before, Bradley had even found a certain contentment in that most annoying of Manhattan exercises: trooping the streets to find a place to live. "Pressure," he said and smiled. "That's what they all want to know." He was polite (or understanding) enough not to follow with the obvious, that in situations like these it is often the questioners themselves who generate the pressure they keep inquiring about.

Indeed, it almost seemed that those who had tracked him since his release from the Air Force last week were less appreciative of Bradley's situation than were the 18,499 who filled every seat in the Garden. Many had seen Bradley play before: they were familiar with his ability and understood the difficult circumstances. He had, after all, been away from top competition for almost three years—first as a Rhodes scholar, then as an officer cadet. He was, naturally, in less than the best shape. He had prac-



As scoreboard shows Knicks behind, Bradley is fouled on drive. He hit two, put team ahead

tired with the Knicks only once, two days before, and the long session had left him winded and with his legs tight, the muscles in his thighs complaining from the unfamiliar squatting required for defensive position. He also had little knowledge of the opposition he faced, the Detroit Pistons. Finally, he was a rookie breaking in under a stunning hail of publicity.

The crowd was festive and probably more understanding than those that will greet Bradley in many other cities. Whatever the motivation, his appearance will fill every arena he plays and make a lot of money for people besides himself. Without Bradley, Detroit probably would have drawn a Garden crowd of about 10,000. Bradley thus attracted about 8,500 fans, who spent something over \$40,000 at the game and the concession stands. In just one night the Knicks recovered almost 10% of Bradley's four-year \$500,000 contract.

As respectful as it was joyous, the throng rose as one as soon as Bradley, tight-lipped and without expression, entered the court. The fans applauded his every practice layup, and even oohed when he missed, so that several of the players could not keep from laughing. His official introduction brought greater volume and a wave of photographers scurrying for vantage points, like woodland creatures suddenly flushed from the underbrush. They had to be shoofed from the court so that the game (a game, too?) could commence. Bradley sat on the bench between Dutch Kneives and Dick Van Arsdale still mostly expressionless but occasionally asking them questions about the Piston players. Before two minutes were gone, a "We want Bradley" chant arose, but the Knicks' starting team had taken the lead, and it was not until the second quarter that Coach Dick McGuire called for his new man. No. 24 unzipped his sweat suit and the raucous cheers and stomping began. This was hurleyburl. When he touched the ball for the first time, the audience made the kind of sound usually forthcoming only when a baby is displayed on TV.

Bradley played for seven minutes. He made one short jumper on a fast break and committed two fouls and a couple of floor mistakes. He was not impressive, but neither could he be singled out for any special blame as the Knicks dissipated a 17-point lead. He faded, however,



Engulfed after game, Bradley wearily deals with the press before TV and radio interviews.

to assert himself. In fact, he was timid on offense and did not appear even to look for shots. (Afterward, however, he just raised a quizzical eyebrow when it was suggested that he may have been made too self-conscious by the whole cloying scene.) In any event, he was a different player when he re-entered the game late in the third quarter. Then, with the Knicks down 88-87, he dribbled the ball downcourt, slowed, then suddenly began a burst past Eddie Miles. It was his first forthright offensive move, and he had hardly taken the first attacking step when the crowd began a rolling, gasping cheer that was altogether different from its previous roars. This cheer was for Bradley the pro, and for things now and to come. The others had been in appreciation of Bradley, the honored legend and things done. Miles fouled him so he missed the shot, but he sank the two fouls and put his team ahead.

Thereafter Bradley was in command, calling plays, directing his teammates, controlling the ball, playing a scrappy and competent defense. "He moved the ball as well as I've ever seen anybody on the Knicks," said Dave Bing, the league's leading scorer. Bing knows Bradley well. They played against each

other in college and for long hours with each other one summer in Washington a few years ago. "I'm glad to see him back," Bing added. "He still looks great to me."

It was Bing who led the Pistons to victory, 124-121. Bradley finished with eight points, five rebounds and two assists. Several of his best passes were dropped, and he threw others away. He also missed four of six free throws something that almost never happened at Princeton—and was called twice for palming the ball. The potential was obvious, though, and some of the errors could be traced directly to his unfamiliarity with his teammates and, for that matter, with basketball.

The performance was about what might be expected under the circumstances, and such a mixture of good and bad probably will continue for a while. Piston Terry Dischinger, just back after two years in the Army, cited his own battle with inconsistency as a major problem of returning to form.

But then, by comparison with what he must endure off the court for being the first \$500,000 rookie and a legend as well, the whirling crush of the NBA may seem a peaceful respite to Bradley before too long.

END

THE ROUGHEST RIDES TO RICHEST

Larry Mahan is the apotheosis of the new breed of rodeo cowboys: a fine athlete and careful businessman. Last week this combination helped him become All-Around Champion and the world's wealthiest buckaroo. **by TOM C. BRODY**

The buckle that the best cowboy in the world wins each year after the National Finals Rodeo is as big as a small dish, gold-plated and jewel-studded, and it is a great way to hold your pants up. The fact that it is worth \$200 in a shaky market is just part of the appeal. Make it low-grade tin and it would still represent a year's worth of sudden starts, jarring stops, ungentle descents

from high places and a forlorn effort to build rapport with an animal that wants absolutely nothing to do with you—all in the face of the keenest kind of competition. Wearing the buckle also means you have won more money on the rodeo circuit than any other cowboy and, in the year 1967, that comes to \$50,000. The man who will be taking up a notch with the buckle this year is Larry Ma-

han, age 24, a cowboy who smiles a lot, talks with the rarest hint of a drawl, has a firm grip on his investment portfolio and, during those few instances when he has both boots on the ground, comes on with the assurance of a bright young whippersnapper whose future is at somebody's board of directors' table.

But do not be deceived. In two short years, Mahan has not only moved to

Spectacular rides (below) on the bulls and



the top of his profession, he has turned it inside out with a rush that still has old hands standing around with mouths agape. In 1966 Larry won \$40,358 which, for reference, puts him in the same tax bracket with those cowboys who are mentioned in reverent whispers—Buck Rutherford, Casey Tibbs and Jim Shoulders. Until this year, Shoulders was the top money winner, with \$43,381, but last September Mahan, in a flurry of whirling bulls, collected \$2,600 for a week's work in Albuquerque and Memphis and passed Shoulders as the world's richest cowboy.

Since then, Mahan had become richer by \$5,000 and last week as he drove into Oklahoma City to do battle with the cream of this year's crop of riders

and the most vicious stock money could buy, he needed just \$2,000 more to reach rodeo's version of a magic figure—\$50,000. It is a figure that has the same meaning around the old corral as the four-minute mile did 15 years ago in track.

Although rodeo people are blinking over the dollars in Mahan's bank balance, his earnings represent only a part of what he has done to old standards. An invitation to compete in the NFR means a cowboy has been one of the top 15 competitors in one of the six standard rodeo events—bareback riding, saddle bronc riding and bull riding, calf roping, team roping and steer wrestling. (There is a seventh, added recently, for the girls, who race quarter horses around

three barrels and down a short straightaway to the crashing accompaniment of Camp Town Races; a very demanding bit of horsemanship.) When you consider there are 2,700 people who go at this business seriously each year, the honor of an invitation becomes obvious.

Until two years ago, the All-Around Championship was awarded to the cowboy who was the tops in two of these events. Then along came Larry Mahan. He arrived in Oklahoma City last year qualified in three events, and that is something no cowboy ever dreamed of before. Mahan was fourth in the country among bareback riders, sixth on saddle broncs and fifth aboard the awful, awful bulls. It was, at the time, the ultimate in rodeoing.

continued

The saddle broncs at the National Finals Rodeo clinched Mahan's second successive title and pushed him over the \$50,000 mark in prize money.



This year, Mahan hit the ultimate again and then some: going into the finals he hit the top five in three events—he was fifth in bareback, third on saddle broncs and first with the bulls. To compare what Mahan did with winning haighball's Triple Crown would be understating the case. If you can conceive of, say, Jim Lonborg winning more than 20 games, prevailing Harmon Killebrew for the home run title and stealing 50 bases, then you have the picture.

To discover why Larry Mahan should sit so tall in the saddle, or sit tall without a saddle for that matter, is to delve into the never-never land of star quality. Jim Shoulders, who won a staggering 16 National Championships including five All-Around titles himself before he retired in 1965, talks of the obvious when he says "Larry does have great coordi-

nation and he does work hard at his trade. But so do a lot of other cowboys. You can look at them and tell right off they have it and that they are dedicated to rodeoing. And yet they don't make it Larry's different. Why? I don't know."

The new breed of young go-getters is popping up in every sport and Mahan is everything that a cowboy, or a hall player, was not a few generations ago. Said Skipper Lofting, who did his rodeoing in the mid-30s, "The cowboys then were a cliquey lot. They would just as soon talk to a rattlesnake as to a newcomer. Many of them fitted the old mold as hard-drinking, hard-sweating brawlers. They were starving to death, but they distrusted anyone who used the word 'organize.' The early ones were mostly open-air delinquents, Civil War draft dodgers and out-and-out renegades."

Later, when there were no more Indians to shoot up, rodeo cowboys would arrive at a slumbering town, check in at the local saloon, wreck it, stagger off to the rodeo, ride their broncs, collect their winnings and head right back to the saloon—and wreck the wreckage. Those old cowboys spent what they had when they had it, and wahoo. There was color to them, and it is disappearing.

Larry Mahan goes about it differently. He does not smoke, he drinks moderately. "I've seen those old drunks," he says, "and that's not going to be me 20 years from now" and as a participant in an act that rates up there with bullfighting and linchacking for longevity, Mahan is using every modern device he can. That includes flying his own plane to get to as many rodeos as he can squeeze into a year, usually around 90. What he does with his winnings is invest them, in real estate, the market and business ventures.

Presumably, Larry Mahan was taken from the delivery room in Salem, Oregon, where he was born, put on a horse, and pointed in the direction of home. At least, his first time in a saddle took place in one of those early infant years that is beyond recall. By the time he was 10, Mahan was spending most of his time at the Oregon State Fairgrounds, breaking every colt he could find. Two years later, Mahan entered his first junior rodeo, roping and riding calves, for which he won six dollars and a belt buckle. If there was ever any question about his going into teaching or driving a truck, that was the end of it.

Not that there weren't moments of reflection. Before he was graduated from high school, Mahan entered a rodeo in Stockton, California, where he got on a bull named Rattler. A few seconds out of the chute, off flew Larry, which is nothing unusual in a cowboy's life. But it was then that Mahan learned firsthand the peculiar characteristics of a Brahms bull. Rattler looked around for his ex-ride, found him and tromped on his jaw, breaking it in five places. For two months Mahan took his nourishment through a straw. "I've got to admit," he said, "I had a few chackens in my gas tank after that."

Whatever misgivings Mahan had about boarling bull or horse, they did not last much beyond the time he could again open his mouth fully. Within four months he had married a willowy, dark-haired beauty named Darlene and had moved to Arizona ostensibly to enter Arizona State University. ASU, it happened, had an excellent rodeo team.

As a newlywed Larry found that money was short, so he postponed his education for a year and traded the rodeo circuit full time to collect tuition. He was just one of many young men in a crowd, all struggling to pick up entry money for the next rodeo. In Mahan's case, however, a difference was quickly apparent, and Mel Lambert, who was announcing at the Oregon State Fair that year, spotted it. "Folks," he boomed out over the public address system, "that cowboy who just finished his ride is Larry Mahan. Now don't you forget that name, because someday he is going to be the All-Around Champion."

Lambert recalled recently, "You could just see it—the way he sat on a horse and spurred, he was all business and he had the try [a cowboy's term for never-say-die] to get him wherever he wanted to go."

A rodeo—any rodeo, in any town, at any time—was where Mahan wanted to be and he would drive thousands of miles to get there. Such minor happenings as being jerked down on the back of a bull's head that was in Helena, Montana—and having the bone between his nose and upper teeth cracked, did not constitute sufficient cause to miss a turn. On another occasion, Mahan did take the time to be X-rayed after a bull had kicked him in the neck. The doctor, looking at a wet negative, found nothing



Waiting gold buckle, Mahan waits for cue.

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wrong, so off Larry went, taking on any animal he could get in the next rodeo. His neck did bother him from time to time, but not enough to keep him out of action. A month later, a friend asked Mahan if the doctor had ever reached him. "No," said Larry, "why?" No reason, really, it turned out. When the doctor got a look at the dry X-ray he found three cracked vertebrae in the backbone near the neck. What's a broken neck between rodeos? It did not even slow Mahan down. "I guess it just healed by itself," he said. "At least it stopped bothering me."

The urge to get on bucking animals went beyond a means of just fattening the kitty. "If you're having troubles with a type of bronc or bull," Mahan says, "the best way I know to lick them is getting on as many of them as you can." For that reason, he entered a riding school run by Canadian All-Around Champion Kenney McLean in British Columbia. "He was having trouble with horses cutting to his right," said McLean. "So in seven days, he got on 49 of 'em."

"I was so sore I could hardly leave Canada," said Mahan. But horses cutting to the right no longer posed a particular problem.

This time last year Mahan came to Oklahoma City for the NFR firmly established as All-Around Champion, a man of stature, admired by all cowboys, sought after by commercial enterprises for endorsements, hounded by autograph seekers, adored by his public. And the first three bulls Larry Mahan got on at the NFR deposited him on the arena floor. In such ignominious positions are lives changed. For Mahan, it was indeed a turning point. "I had ridden a lot of bulls by then," Larry said, "but never with much thought. I used the same tracks on every bull no matter what his style and, while I was placing fairly often, it was obvious what I was doing wasn't enough. So for that fourth bull, I did some thinking."

That fourth bull also happened to be one that, following his recent form, Mahan should not have been able to stay on. It was a big brown brute that hopped out of the chute and immediately swirled in a tight circle to the left. Whether it was pure luck or just the end of his slump, Mahan stuck on and placed in the go-round, and when he left Oklahoma City after the nine-day event, it

was with the idea that the year 1967 was going to be one of contemplation, study and just as many rodeos as he could get to in his brown and white camouflage.

The year was hectic all right, often with two rodeos to contend with simultaneously, distance and weather permitting. September came and went, along with Shoulders' old record, and by the time the National Finals in Oklahoma City confronted him, Mahan's second straight All-Around title was secure. All that he needed for \$50,000 was about \$2,000 in prize money and he had nine nights to get it.

He passed that figure on the eighth go-round, after accumulating a little more than \$1,500 earlier. Only a bull and a bareback bronc out of 21 animals had their way with Mahan. But his first horse, in the bareback event, came out of the chute as if it had been hauling sack for the last 30 years. Mahan easily won the full eight seconds. Lynda Bird could have gotten married on the critter without too much trouble—and all he got for his effort was 11th place and no dollars and no cents.

But he then drew a saddle bronc called Red Pepper and there was a horse to gladden the hearts of record breakers wherever they may be. Mahan knew he had a good one and he shot the works, leaning way back, rolling his spurs up. Red Pepper's neck and then rocking forward with each buck. It was beautiful. It was also worth \$387.49, the amount that goes with winning a go-round, and it put Mahan within \$96.14 of what he came for.

When the bulls moved from their pens into the chutes, a sense of urgency spread over the arena, as it does at every rodeo. The cowboys, who had been joshing and bantering, became quiet and tight-lipped. You could feel the tension all the way up in the last row.

Mahan's bull was called Hamp. He was black-and-white and he came out spinning hard to his left for five seconds. Suddenly he stopped spinning and leapt almost straight up, coming down stiff-legged. Mahan stayed right with Ol' Hamp, got the eight-second whistle and jumped clear. It was a ride worth fourth place and \$96.89. It brought his prize money to \$50,000.75 (by the end of the finals, \$51,996.17) and the coffee tab was on Larry Mahan. **END**



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THE BIG Z AND HIS MISFIRING PISTONS

Since 1949 Fred Zollner, owner of the Detroit Pistons, has juggled players, coaches and general managers in search of a winning team. This year he may be close to the right combination **by MYRON COPE**

It is somehow fitting that the name of the Detroit Pistons' coach is Butcher. During 18 years in the NBA the Pistons have yet to win the league championship, and they have not won even a divisional title since 1956, when their home was Fort Wayne. Since moving to Detroit the following year, the team has never had a .500 season, and in the past four years it has finished last, last, next to last and last again in the Western Division.

It is not as if the Pistons' management had not tried harder. Owned by millionaire Fred Zollner, who is known around town as the Big Z, the Pistons are generous to players, honorable in their dealings, classy in grabbing a tab, dying to field a winner and, alas, sensationally given to lousing themselves up. The Big Z has been a sparkling success as an industrialist, bank director and board chairman of Tri-State College, but as a basketball boss he has consistently rolled snake eyes.

Logically enough, Detroit has steadily treated the Pistons as a civic embarrassment, yet the big news in town this year is that the team is winning. Under new Coach Donnis Butcher, the Pistons have been over .500 all season and are currently third, behind the 76ers and Celtics in the Eastern Division (divisions were realigned this year when the Seattle and San Diego franchises were admitted). Anyone familiar with gracious Fred Zollner must root for the Pistons to con-

tinue winning, but anyone aware of the club's tradition must wonder what method the organization will find to destroy itself this time.

Fred Zollner is the perfect man to own the Pistons, not only because he can afford them but because he has been able to endure them without once raising his voice. Zollner, going on 67, is short and stocky, a dapper man sporting peak lapels, a silk shirt, a constant tan and an unruly coiffure that suggests he is about to mount a podium and conduct Beethoven's Ninth. He is the sort who would not harm a fly, rather than swat one, he would catch cold holding the door open till the fly got ready to leave. Considerate to one and all, Zollner turns to his general manager, a moon-faced man named Ed Coil, and says, "In 11 years I've never hollered at you, have I, Ed?" Coil, just as all but one of the Piston general managers before him, came into the job with absolutely no background in pro basketball. He was an auditor in the Zollner Corporation, which manufactures pistons in Fort Wayne. His predecessor as general manager, an ex-sports-caster named Don Wattreck, was the one executive with basketball experience, having played semipro in the 1930s for—no kidding—the Hamtramck Belmont Trenchers. In the fall of 1965 Wattreck died of a heart attack—shortly after reviewing Proton prospects in preseason training, Detroit fans add morbidly.

"So I prevailed upon Ed Coil to accept the job," Zollner explains, as though he had lured Red Auerbach. "To show you what kind of fellow he is, he sold his house and moved to Detroit." Deeply grateful that a hard hand would accept a transfer, Zollner exclaims, "He sold his pride and joy!"

Zollner's own pride and joy is a red brick factory complex where 1,300 employees turn out nothing whatever except thousands upon thousands of silver-colored, bowl-shaped pistons—big pistons for air compressors, medium-sized pistons for trucks, little pistons for lawnmower engines and classified pistons whose destination only the high command knows—\$30 million worth of pistons a year, all told. Surrounded by pistons, Zollner is able to march through his plant and know that practically every soul there loves working for him. The pay is tops and the shop is air-conditioned. Twice union organizers have forced recognition elections, and twice they have been walloped. In the 35-year history of the Fort Wayne plant, not one salesman has resigned or been fired. "A workman is worthy of his hire," intones Zollner. "His, Fred!" the workers call out.

Fred does not want to be called Mr. Zollner. Born in Little Falls, Minn., he came from humble beginnings himself. His father, Theodore Zollner, an inventor and manufacturer of machinery, had to struggle, for he lacked capital and sales know-how. It was his son Fred

continued

who, at age 24, put the family firm over the top. One of its customers, a nearby bus line that sawed Packards in two and converted them into buses, had run into trouble obtaining a suitable piston from an eastern manufacturer. So Fred Zollner designed a better piston and sent it East. The response, he says, was "What does that kid in the sticks know about pistons?" Rebuffed, the Zollners themselves began making pistons for the bus company, and as the bus line burgeoned through a merger and became the Greyhound Corporation it earned The Zollners along in its prosperous wake. In 1931 father and son moved to Fort Wayne, a central location for shipping.

In 1937, responding to a request from the boys in the shop, Zollner decided to sponsor a company basketball team. Because he offered good jobs to new players, the best talent in industrial basketball came to his door at a fast dribble. "We rarely lost," Zollner says, "and since we were playing neighboring industries, we were making enemies instead of friends."

That being the case, Zollner turned the team pro, enrolling it in a Midwest circuit—the old National Basketball League in 1941. The coming of World War II made the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons, as they were then called, as successful an athletic organization as there was in the land. The country was full of topflight athletic competitors who, because they were working at draft-deferment jobs, did not have to join the Army and go to war. Working in the Zollner plant by day, they could indulge their competitive instincts by night. Zollner's basketball team dominated the NBL four straight years.

He eagerly joined the new NBA in 1949 and in his efforts to win a championship he has run through nine coaches, five general managers and enough money to build an annex to his piston plant. Is the goal worth the pain?

"I have quoted MacArthur in our programs," Zollner answers. "There is no substitute for victory?" Yes, but hasn't the road been terribly tough? "Every dollar a man brings home is won in battle with other men," says Zollner, quoting again. The source of that quotation, he explains, is Andy Gump.

Wielding a forceful hand in every aspect of the Pistons' affairs, Zollner has changed coaches, front-office executives and players like a man flipping the dial

on a safe in hope of lucking onto the combination. Yet the men who have passed through Zollner's revolving door go away wishing him well. Paul Birch, a Piston coach in the early '50s, says Zollner instructed him to get tough with the players. Fired three years later because Zollner considered the team "a little overdisciplined," Birch nevertheless says, "I like the man. He's for mankind." Earl Lloyd, once the club's head scout and assistant coach, hoped to become the sport's first Negro head coach, but Zollner twice passed him by, convinced the players weren't ready for a Negro coach. "Mr. Z has a tremendous amount of integrity," says Lloyd, "but Zollner did not act from personal prejudice. Nick Kerbawy, a banished general manager who sued Zollner for \$5½ million, says of him, "He loves the game, and he's a great asset to the NBA."

Indeed, to the NBA, Zollner has been square old Pop who always comes through when you write home for money. During the league's years of growing pains Zollner helped keep it afloat by lending it large sums, while many eluhs failed to pay their dues. He asked no concessions for his vote when the league gerrymandered its territorial draft to allow Philadelphia to select Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas University and to swing Ohio State's Jerry Lucas to the new Cincinnati Royals. "I try to vote on what I think are the ethics of a situation," he says.

In return for all his efforts his fellow owners have spit in his eye. With the excuse that the Pistons had a private plane in which to get about, the NBA awarded them the worst schedule, the tight, grueling trips that grind a team down. When the territorial draft was about to expire two years ago, Zollner pleaded for its extension in one form or another, so that he might satisfy local pressures and draft Michigan's Cazzie Russell. He was voted down. "I asked for a special favor and didn't get it, so I wasn't wronged," reasons Zollner.

Flying back and forth between Detroit and his two residences—a Tudor manor in Fort Wayne and a dazzling oceanside ranch-style home in Golden Beach, Fla. Zollner has remained something of a mystery man to the city of Detroit ever since he moved his eluh, uninvited, to their city in 1957. Fort Wayne, he had concluded, could not support pro basketball. Detroit, Zollner

soon learned, was damned if it would. He was suspected of being a nomadic fast-back artist. Columnist Doc Greene's widely read essays at *The Detroit News* did not help. Wrote Greene: "As a charter member of the Hockey Haters' Association of America, it is my unpleasant duty to inform [its members] that perhaps we are hating the wrong sport. Two or three nights of professional basketball could make a hockey fan of you."

Zollner started right out by dropping \$200,000 and maintained that pace the next season. Meanwhile, he turned to the children of Detroit, hoping to breed a new generation of basketball fans. He admitted them free or for as little as 50¢, and in a move widely interpreted as an effort to make liars of the city's youth, he offered a cornucopia of prizes to those kiddies who best completed the sentence, "I like the Detroit Pistons because . . ."

All the while Zollner kept refusing his critics by racing out on treacherous limbs and crashing on his face. "In all of my business activities I'm a nonconformist," he says. "I do what in my own mind I think is right." He had come to Detroit with Charley Eckman as his coach. Eckman, previously a referee, had never coached, but Zollner was convinced he was the man to "loosen the chains" that tough Paul Birch had fastened around the players. Subsequently, Zollner learned Eckman's theory of coaching: "You don't have to teach these pros anything. Just give 'em the ball and let 'em play."

Twenty-five games into the Pistons' first season in Detroit, Zollner got rid of noncoach Eckman, replacing him with a sheet-metal salesman, Red Rocha, whom he ordered to spend 15 minutes before each game explaining pro basketball to the fans. Though Rocha took the Pistons to second place, neither the team nor his lectures stirred the public. "Piston games," says one Detroit, "were known as a place where you could take your girl and sit upstairs for 50¢ and neck in privacy."

Zollner decided strength was needed in the front office. For his first general manager he had hired an itinerant press agent-promoter-newspaperman who had once spelled for a Miss Universe pageant in Long Beach. Now he wanted a larger figure, Nick Kerbawy (said no more about pro basketball than he did about

continued

A man with a mustache is shown from the waist up, wearing a teal-colored long-sleeved button-down shirt. He is looking upwards and to the left. The background is a solid light orange color.

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sumo wrestling, but as general manager of the Detroit Lions, then champions of the NFL, he knew everybody in town worth knowing. So Zollner invited him to his hotel suite, picked up a sheet of hotel stationery and jotted down an attractive offer.

"I went home," Kerbawy recalls, "and phoned my lawyer, Buck Giles, and said, 'This Zollner is making strong overtures to me. Let's set up severe conditions and knock him out of the box so he'll quit hithering me.'"

The next day Kerbawy returned to Zollner's suite and handed him a typewritten list of preposterous demands. He wanted \$15,000 annual salary, plus a \$3,000 annual bonus, to run the ball club. He also wanted 20% of the club's gross profits before taxes. He would need an expense account and an auto. Additionally he wanted the title of vice-president of industrial relations for the Zollner Corporation, at \$25,000 per year. The contract would run 19 years, taking Kerbawy to age 65, and pay him a minimum of \$819,000 in cash. Then he would get \$400 monthly retirement pay.

"I accept every point," Zollner said. Kerbawy remembers turning to the window and muttering, "Oh, hell."

Calling a press conference, Zollner predicted that Kerbawy's new job "should be the only position he will need the rest of his life." Events proved this prediction perfectly accurate—indeed, from where Zollner sits, sickeningly accurate.

Midway into Kerbawy's third season, Zollner received reports that his general manager had drifted afield and had involved himself in a proxy fight between two factions of Lion stockholders. The rub was that Kerbawy reportedly was soliciting proxies in opposition to a faction that included William Clay Ford, brother of Henry Ford II, who was buying lots of Zollner pistons. Zollner ordered Kerbawy to take a six-month leave of absence, with pay. In the end, Kerbawy collected his pay for nine months, then promptly sued Zollner for impeaching his reputation. After asking \$5.5 million, he settled out of court some three years later for \$255,000, 40% of it tax-free, and today says that his 2½ seasons as Piston general manager were worth \$600,000 to him. Once again Zollner had been a help to mankind.

In the meantime he tried a new tack with the Pistons. He always had retained

a veto over player trades and draft selections, but in 1963 he invested complete authority in a new coach, Charlie Wolf. "We got a break in being able to steal Charlie away from the Royals," Zollner told the press. Actually the Royals had left the house unattended with the windows wide open; apparently disenchanted with Wolf, they had not even bothered to take him to the draft meeting. At any rate, Zollner announced, "He's the kind of take-charge guy I've been looking for."

Wolf took charge with gusto. He led the players in calisthenics and urged them to climb stairways to second-level hotel lobbies instead of using escalators. He enforced curfews with the tenacity of a headmistress of a girls' college. The Pistons won 23 games, lost 57 and finished a well-disciplined last.

Wolf moved quickly to rebuild. The Pistons desperately needed a big man, and they were to get first pick in the

draft. Head Scout Earl Lloyd recommended 6'10" Willis Reed, an unheralded prospect from Graubling, or, if not him, 6'9" Lucius Jackson. No, said Wolf. He personally had scouted the U.S. Olympic tryouts and had become unfatigued with flashy Joe Caldwell, 6'5". "We felt we needed someone who was exciting," Wolf explains. He drafted Caldwell (who, after little more than one exciting season as a Piston bench warmer, was traded to St. Louis for small change), while superstar Reed went to New York and strongman Jackson to Philadelphia.

The rebuilt '64-'65 Pistons lurched to two victories in their first 11 games, whereupon Zollner replaced his take-charge guy with a 24-year-old player, Dave DeBusschere, then only two years out of Detroit University. A handsome, dimpled bachelor, DeBusschere was the only head coach in major sports who could dance the jerk and the monkey.

continued



ZOLLNER USES HIS LUXURIOUS PRIVATE PLANE TO FLY THE PISTONS TO ROAD GAMES

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THE BIG Z

He could also throw a baseball well enough to have appeared in 36 games as a pitcher for the Chicago White Sox. What he could not do was lead the Pistons into a playoff, and after three seasons he asked to be released as coach. His assistant, Dennis Butcher, was given the job.

Butcher started this season in an awkward spot. Paul Seymour, the former Baltimore coach, was named as his assistant, and it was generally assumed that as soon as the Pistons went bad and that figured to be very soon—Seymour would take over. Now, with the team in third place after 20 games, ahead of the New York Knicks and Cincinnati Royals, Butcher's job seems secure, at least for the moment.

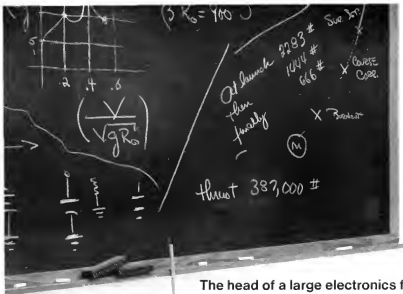
A number of things have combined to make the Pistons winners this year. Center Joe Sturdivant has been aggressively gathering in rebounds. Former Coach DeBusschere and last year's rookie star, Dave Bing, have been averaging close to 30 points a game. Terry Dischinger, a top player before going into the Army for two years, is back and playing well. The team, lacking height, has been playing a pressing defense. "like a pro football blitz," says Butcher—that has rattled many teams. The Pistons are not yet ready to beat the 76ers or Celtics, but when you consider their past record, third place is never-never land.

There are times when it seems that Zollner's interest in pursuing an NBA championship is waning. He appears at fewer and fewer home games. Instead, he goes fishing. In his 48-foot air-conditioned cruiser he pursues blue marlin off the Bahamas and sips Scotch at the Bal Harbor Club. Regulars at Coco Hall remember seeing him chain-smoking away at only six or so games last season, and only two this year. Is the Big Z tiring of the Pistons? Would he ever sell them?

Not a chance, says Zollner, especially now that the team is winning. In the Zollner style, he is merely trying a new approach. Swooping down in his plane, the Flying Z, he has concentrated on road games. That way, he explains, "you can pick out the players who play well before their friends, but loaf when they're not at home."

"I don't think this franchise will ever be for sale, except by my estate. I'm a sportsman. I enjoy it. We're going places."

END



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**60 MILES PER HOUR
WHILE
STANDING STILL**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



On the eve of their takeoff for pre-Olympic ski meets in Europe, two U. S. Olympic team members, Jim Barrows and Dennis McCoy, entered the wind tunnel at Colorado State University for some space-age testing. They zipped themselves into the two downhill racing suits that had been especially made for the team and tried to determine which had less drag and more comfort at the high speed and in the exaggerated posture of a downhill tuck. In winds of 60 mph, the drag factor on the racers was almost equal. However, the navy suit, worn by Barrows, had an edge in

comfort. It is made by the Head Ski and Sports Wear Company of a new Swiss fabric that is unusually warm and stretches two ways. Superbly tailored, with cartridge quilt padding at back and kidney, it fits like skin. The silver suit, worn by McCoy, was made for the team by former Racer Douglas Bouden. The expanded-vinyl fabric stretches one way only—but knit inserts take up the slack. It is not as warm nor does it fit as well as the Head suit—but it has one extra thing going for it: the astronaut gleam of its metallized finish makes it look as fast as Jean-Claude Killy.

CONTINUED



STANDING TALL in the wind tunnel, Barrows and McCoy look like robots: their one-piece downhill racing suits molded around every muscle.

TUCKED TIGHT, the racers found the fabrics give, yet keep suit-taut. The Lange plastic boot is being worn by virtually all U. S. team members.



U.S. OLYMPIC PARADE uniform, worn by Dennis McCoy, was winning design in contest organized by Burlington Industries



FRENCH AFTER-SKI suit called "Lynon" was designed by Pierre Cardin for Benetton. It is worn by George Raft over turtleneck.

SKI UNIFORMS *Richard*

The one-piece racing suits on the previous pages undoubtedly will influence the ski wardrobes of the future. Meanwhile, another ski offspring, the turtleneck, has become the fashion of the moment. The silk or heavy-wool turtleneck of today, a far cry from ski underwear, is being worn both with dinner jackets and rugged outdoor clothes. It is threatening the necktie men with bankruptcy, driving headwaters berserk and putting men into a whole new shape of comfortable sports clothes. The U.S. Olympic parade uniform (above) consists of a side-buttoned, collarless jacket designed specifically to go over a turtleneck, as were the Cardin jacket and the sweater at right.

CONTINUED



SPANISH SWEATER, from Daxton's, worn by Buzz Larson of Yael, is designed to be worn with turtlenecks

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Another result of turtleneck popularity is the fitted Nehru jacket. The Hindu simplicity of its cut is meant to complement the high-necked comfort of the turtle and represents a radical change in the shape of jackets men wear—the tossing away of the classic coat lapel. This winter jackets, sweaters and turtlenecks like those shown here (all were photographed at Vail) will begin to replace those old after-ski male standbys, tweed sports jackets and brass-buttoned blazers worn with shirts and ties.

GURU SWEATER, by Bill Blaws at Marshall Field, is worn by George McFarland. The turtle has a 9" neck.

NEHRU JACKET, worn by Günther Heiler, is by Clinton Swan. George Rau's, by Esterel, is at Oberbach's.



Cheerful, loyal, brave and obedient, wild pets are easy to housebreak, and only occasionally will they break up your house. In short, you just haven't lived till you've lived with a skunk by **BIL GILBERT**

THE CALL OF THE NOT-SO-WILD



Since I support myself and numerous dependents, human and otherwise, by watching, writing and talking about animals, I suppose I am a professional naturalist (whatever that is—the term has always seemed to me to be an intrinsic *non sequitur*). However, unlike many of my colleagues, I am not filled with righteous indignation at the thought of others (who are they—unnaturalists?) making pets of our native fauna. For one thing, I am certain, from long personal experience, that keeping non-domestic beasts can be a source of great pleasure (C. S. Lewis once called this the joy of knowing different bloods.) Taking pleasure from animals in this way seems to me to be as decent, legitimate a human use of wildlife as shooting it, stuffing it or writing about it in the *Journal of Mammalogy*. Furthermore, I think keeping wild pets can be constructive in terms of conservation. A boy who has tamed a squirrel, a family who has raised a raccoon, will learn something about the particular species but also will usually develop a certain esthetic appreciation, a sense of advocacy for wildlife in general.

What bothers me is that too often the potential pleasure and value of having a wild companion is never realized because of a disastrous mismatching of human and animal personalities. Keeping or trying to keep a wild animal unsuited to one's facilities, domestic routine or temperament is anything but a joy; it is a frustrating, souring experience. One reason this happens is that frequently the desire to keep a wild pet is stimulated by a laudatory account of the animal by some naturalist. The difficulty in this is that naturalists almost by definition have a specialized point of view, facilities and training that enable them to cope with, minimize or overlook man-animal problems that can unbalance an ordinary household or householder. What follows, therefore, is a series of brief, warts-included notes on the nature of certain mammals that people

sometimes keep or try to keep as pets. The purpose is not to discourage making pets of wild animals, but rather to encourage those who might have ambitions in this line toward a little introspective examination of their own nature, circumstances and expectations.

Among North American animals none has such a tradition and reputation as a pet as does the raccoon—and with good reason. Raccoons are plentiful, hardy, can eat table scraps and are clean. They do not (or at least seldom) chew on things, claw things, make raucous noises or objectionable smells. As things are now measured, they are the most intelligent of our native animals. If treated affectionately, they respond with considerable affection. Raccoons are the kind of beasts, animal or otherwise, who add something to a social circle. They are fun to know, having a cheerful, extroverted life style.

Raccoons are also housebreakable—in two senses. The first is in the obvious, sanitary way and further adds to their desirability as pets. The second is perhaps less obvious, and whether or not it is a desirable trait depends ultimately upon how one likes his house broken. Raccoons are insatiably curious, principally about how things feel. The forepaw of a raccoon is perhaps the most sensitive tactile organ among mammals, and a coon can use his paws almost as dextrously as a monkey. This is precisely how they are generally using them, picking things up, feeling their texture and shape, taking them apart (happiness for a coon is a woman's purse), putting them down, though only accidentally in the place where they found them, moving on to the next delicious feel. All of which is fun to watch and adds to the animal's charm if the arrangement, condition or possession of the objects being fondled is of no special concern to the watcher. However, in certain circumstances, say inside a relatively compact, semi-automated modern home, this behavior can lead to severe interspecies

sension. A raccoon left alone for 10 minutes with a bookshelf, a clothes closet or an automatic dishwasher can wreak the kind of havoc that would make a CIA man looking for hidden microphones envious.

As a result, in defense of order and their possessions, many neophyte coon owners are driven to caging their pets. This is a great pity. Being curious, physically and mentally agile, coons become quickly bored if confined in a small cell. Bored, they are apt to grow dull, sullen and snappish, anything but the charismatic companion they can be if they have their freedom for at least part of the day. A raccoon should either be kept in places (preferably outdoors) where his rearranging activities are harmless or else by people who have the time and temperament to do a lot of rearranging after this master feeder.

The same dictum about cages seems to me to apply to all wild animals. A caged animal is simply an exhibition, an exhibition that is more pleasurably observed in a zoo, where others are paid for doing the dirty work of maintenance. There is really no point in keeping a pet with which you cannot associate freely, with safety and pleasure. The style and character of a caged animal are cramped fully as much as that of an imprisoned man. Not only do caged animals become bored, but their keepers become bored with them. Particularly children (who are both realists and the citizens for whom most pets are ostensibly obtained) soon lose interest if the only contact with an animal is the fairly dull job of feeding it and cleaning its cage.

Like the raccoon, the opossum is a very common, medium-size furbearer, which, because it is available, people often draft as a pet. Otherwise there are few similarities between the two mammals. As a household companion the only virtues of an opossum are negative. They do not have the inclination or equipment to dismantle things as can

continued

an exasperating but nevertheless spirited and dashing raccoon. Possums are easily cared for and will eat anything. (They are scavengers. This is a useful role in nature but does not alter the fact that their choice of food and table manners are, anthropomorphically speaking, revolting.) Moreover, opossums are dull, once you have known one of them you have known them all, and there is not much to know. Opossums are incurious about everything except food. Even young opossums are not playful, and adults are out-and-out grouches. Opossums have more teeth than any other of our furred friends and are not reluctant to use them on the hand that feeds them. Their well-publicized reaction of "playing possum" is a physiologically interesting but unattractive trait. A startled opossum will hiss a bit and then collapse, not in a peaceful sleep but in a sort of twitching fit. The mouth will hang open and saliva will dribble down its chin. There may be those who enjoy having pet opossums, but I suspect they are the same kind who would get a kick out of being chums with a boorish, gluttonous scion of a degenerate line of Middle European royalty.

Between the raccoon and the opossum, in terms of character, is the skunk, an animal which, with his notorious defensive equipment removed, is frequently kept as a pet. Skunks are not as bouncy as raccoons, but they are a good few notches above the catatonic opossum as a companion. Leases permitting, they make a fairly good and satisfying apartment or city pet (as one named Irving did for my wife and myself when we were both working but otherwise as yet unencumbered in Washington.) For one thing, the daily activity cycle of a skunk corresponds to that of a commuter, as it tends to sleep all day and be up and around from suppertime until shortly after the *Late Late Show*. Skunks can be safely left alone during the day. They dependably use the same sort of plumbing facilities as a cat, and they have little interest in prying into, gnawing on or making nests of household appliances. Also in the evening when other cliff dwellers are walking



their poodles or Siamese cats around the block, a skunk on a leash gives his owner certain status.

The most notable personality trait of a mature skunk (the kittens are very playful) is an unburned unflappable dignity. They come by this naturally, since there is very little that can panic a wild, fully armed skunk, and a tame skunk does not realize he is disarmed. If, for example, we met Irving on our way to the coffeepot, we would have to go around him, since it was against his (or any other skunk's) nature to step aside for anything. If we happened to bump or otherwise annoy him (say by not getting his food ready when he was ready to eat), he would express his displeasure with a traditional skunkish gesture—by stomping his feet petulantly and raising his tail. In the wild this warning might well have been followed by a jet of malodorous scent.

Because they have a high opinion of themselves, are not very athletic and are big feeders, skunks as they grow older tend to get more crotchety and much fatter. After we moved from an apartment to a house and began to add children and other beasts to the menage, Irving continued to live with us, residing under a porch swing, from whence he seldom moved except as chow time. A fat, elderly skunk is an easy animal to have around, but in all truth he is not a life-of-the-party type.

Because, among other reasons, they

seem so harmless in comparison with the predators, nibbling vegetarians and rodents are often tried as pets. (Appearances can be deceiving. In 35 years of handling everything from shrews to lions, the worst injury I have received was dealt by a jackrabbit who confused a carrot I was offering him with my thumb and took off the end of it—the thumb.) While it is usually true that these salad eaters are not belligerent, their very passivity works against their being satisfying pets. Because they are generally hunted, the normal, instinctive reaction to unfamiliar situations in mice, rabbits and ground squirrels is fear and flight. Many of them are simply too shy to adapt well to domestic life, to develop much curiosity,

affection or trust. Among the delightful exceptions are the tree squirrels. A young gray squirrel, for example, raised on a bottle, will be as much at ease and behave as naturally in and around a house as he will in an oak grove. For some tastes, pet squirrels may act a little too naturally. One that we kept for several years (or, more precisely, cohabited with, since he roamed freely) seemed to regard the whole upstairs of the house as one large but convenient squirrel hole. This beast, named Tim, spent much of his time burying acorns under the hall carpet, with the result that walking from, say, a bedroom to a bathroom was like teetering across a field of irregular ball bearings. Also, squirrels (and most rodents) are accomplished gnawers. Tim, for example, had two private passages from the yard into the house. Both were holes under the eaves that he chiseled by himself without any help or encouragement from anybody else.

Flying squirrels are perhaps the most attractive tree squirrels. Weighing only three or four ounces, these animals have enormous, liquid eyes, a plumed tail that looks something like the oversize antennae of a moth and incredibly soft and silken coats. Flying squirrels are less inclined to chew and hoard than others of the family, and in many ways make an ideal, small, orderly pet for a small, orderly household. Being strictly nocturnal, they are content to sleep away the day in a small box or cage. At night,

continued

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A package tour of the world's great shaving colognes. \$15.

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Say you try Germany the first day. The next morning you can skip over to Sweden, then to Hong Kong and so on. (Maybe saving France for Saturday nights.)

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if given their freedom, as they should be, they will entertain themselves and nearly anyone else by gliding softly, unobtrusively about a room. For some inexplicable reason these beautiful little animals are among the most easily tamed of our native mammals. A squirrel taken from the wild as an adult, after a week or so of hand feeding and gentle attention, will glide to your shoulder, curl up and go to sleep trustingly in a coat pocket. These creatures are the Tiny Tims of the animal world, not only do they look trusting, they are trusting.

Another study in animal innocence, but on a much grander scale than the diminutive flying squirrel, is the white-tailed deer. For obvious reasons deer are not apartment (or even suburban) pets. However, the reasons often do not seem obvious to deer. Many tame deer (bottle-fed fawns) I have known are preoccupied with getting into the house, getting into pockets, even getting into laps. They are gregarious, social animals by nature and when tamed want to spend as much time as close as they can to their tamer, whom they apparently regard as just another deer with a curious posture. Not only because they are affectionate to overly affectionate, but also because they are such graceful, handsome animals, tame deer dress up a rural lawn or field handsomely. It is true that if you have a nice-looking deer about the place it is unlikely that you will have nice-looking petunias, lettuce or sweet corn. Also it should be remembered that where fawns are in the spring, there are very likely to be hunters in the fall. There are a good many tragic stories involving pet deer being gunned down, virtually on their keepers' doorsteps. Finally, after they are sexually mature, buck deer are strong, dangerous animals, dangerous even for old and close human friends.

Another largish animal as common as the deer but with a bad domestic reputation is the red fox. It is said that foxes are vicious, absolutely untamable beasts. This is usually said by those who have somehow managed to pen up a terrified adult animal, or have taken a pup and chained it by its neck until either it died in misery or its captor's desire to stare at the prisoner was satiated. Despite these notions, being associated with a fox if taken young, kept in fairly open surroundings and treated as one would

continued

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Minolta

Event: Ski Jumping



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Chap Stick protects lips against chapping... helps heal them fast.



A holiday scene! A jigger of vodka over ice topped with the sweet-tart taste of Squirt (a real sweet-tart of a mixer!) A squeeze of lime, maybe... and it's a happening! Try it with gin. Or whiskey. The swinging Mini-Squirt is right in time. And it does wonders for holiday spirits.

WILD PETS *continued*

treat a puppy) can be a remarkable, instructive and thought-provoking experience.

The most memorable fox I have known was a vixen named Sylvia who came to us one spring shortly after our German shepherd had whelped four pups. Sylvia and the pups ate together, slept together, played continuously together throughout the summer in our relatively isolated and secure mountainside yard. Though by August she weighed only a quarter as much as the shepherds, the vixen led them, confused them, teased them and put them down much as a tough, shrewd, aggressive slum kid might a group of plump, decent-minded but somewhat overcivilized country-day-school boys. For example, she discovered to her delight and their frustration that, as a kitten can be lured by a piece of string, so could she lead a pup by dragging her tail provocatively in front of him, running just fast enough to keep out of reach. She would use this trick to pull one pup away from the group, then lose him in the hedge or turn and tumble him on his back in play. She was more agile and enduring than the dogs; more alert and sensitive to what she saw, heard and smelt; and her reactions to these stimuli were a shade swifter than theirs. The difference between Sylvia and the pups was that her reactions and responses were honed by a wild heritage, as theirs were not.

This, of course—the perhaps romantic, nostalgic but nevertheless genuine desire to know, sense and admire the feral—is the essential motive for making the intimate acquaintance of wild creatures. To cite as evidence and explanation but one incident: on August nights in the summer of Sylvia, we would sit quietly on a stone wall at the edge of the garden watching the vixen, her tail held like a banner, prance, pirouette, pounce in play, moving on infinitely light feet and with breath-stopping grace over the grass that was wet with dew, luminous under the moonlight. Quite simply these were moments of great joy. Elegant, alert, magnificently attuned to the world around her, the little fox created an esthetic experience of high order and worth. The same can be true of a gnawing squirrel, a waddling skunk, a running deer, a felling raccoon or even, if I were forced to it, I might admit, a fawning possum.

END

Merrill Lynch answers 6 questions most first-time investors ask about this stock and bond business

On an average business day, several thousands of Americans venture into the market for the first time. Many are confused by the language. Stocks, bonds, capital appreciation. Just what do they all mean? Five minutes scanning this page will not make you an expert. But it may help you to talk more confidently with your broker. Read on. Then get Merrill Lynch's free 32-page guide with more details on how the market works.

What's the difference between stocks and bonds?

When you buy stock in a company, you become a part owner of that company.

Example: If you own 10 shares of common stock in a company which has issued 1000 shares, you own 1% of the company.

If your company has earned profits and decides to pay a dividend, you are entitled to 1% of that dividend. If profits increase, the stock will usually be more attractive and its price may increase. If profits drop, the price of the stock will probably drop, too.

Owning a company's bonds, on the other hand, is like holding its I.O.U.'s.

When you hold a bond, you do not own any part of the company. You have simply loaned money to the company. The company promises to pay you back the face amount of your bond, whenever it matures. Plus the stated rate of annual interest.

Taken over a period of years, most bonds have fluctuated relatively little in price, as compared to common stocks. That's why bonds have generally been considered a safer investment, usually returning a fixed income over a set period of time. However, they offer little prospect of growth or "capital appreciation." In contrast, good common stocks offer the possibility of capital appreciation, and—although there is no guarantee of it—generally provide income, too.

How much will I get from putting my money in stocks?
Merrill Lynch can offer no guarantee that you will get anything at all. In-

deed, you may lose money.

However, it may comfort you to know that a leading index of prices of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has about *doubled* in the last ten years. Of course, there's no guarantee the trend will continue, or that any particular stock will perform as well as the future

What makes stock prices go up and down?

There are a thousand factors that can make a stock go up or down—but they all boil down to one simple fact: the stock market works on supply and demand. If there are more people who want to buy a stock than there are people who want to sell it, the stock will go up. And vice versa.

How much commission does a broker charge?

Brokers charge a small commission, figured as a percentage of the dollar value of the stocks you buy or sell. The bigger the transaction, the smaller the percentage. Example: The minimum commission permitted by the N.Y.S.E. on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of stock worth \$1000 is \$17.

As a matter of policy, Merrill Lynch charges its customers only the minimum rates permitted, and not a penny more. Our commission on the preceding example: \$17.

How much money do I need to start investing?

You can buy some stocks for literally pennies a share. Others sell for over \$300 a share.

Price alone is no indication of the value of a

stock or an investment. Our exception, we consider most "penny" stocks to be extremely risky, and refuse to open accounts for the sole purpose of buying or selling them.

We advise you not to invest unless you have (1) sufficient income to cover living costs, (2) adequate life insurance, (3) savings to meet emergency needs.

If you can meet these essentials—and open an account—we'll handle your order for as little as one share. But, please, not for a "penny" stock!

Just what will a broker do for me?

A broker is, essentially, someone authorized to handle your orders for the purchase or sale of securities. Most brokers provide their customers with many other services, too.

At Merrill Lynch, we think our most important customer service is providing information. In fact, we spend \$5 million a year to collect, analyze, and distribute it.

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For his 64th birthday Senator **Strom Thurmond** decided that he would do 100-plus push-ups in the morning instead of his usual 75. Thurmond is a non-drinking, non-smoking gentleman who keeps a 60-pound barbell and two smaller barbells in his office, the way other men keep a flask, for a quick nip in his case, of exercise. His regimen is clearly a success. Strom Thurmond, holder of the Senate filibuster record, does not suffer from shortness of breath.

Judge **Marion Cook**, of Louisville's Jefferson County, was never much of a football player himself, but he led a vigorous fight for the sports at the University of Louisville in 1985 after he had become a member of the board of trustees. The faculty had voted to quit intercollegiate football, but Cook fought successfully to retain it. Since then UL has done reasonably well in the Missouri Valley Conference, and recently Cook did reasonably well at the university's football banquet. One of his four life chances won him a football signed by the Cardinal players and coaches, to say nothing of a kiss on the cheek from a cheerleader. Judge Cook, who recently was defeated in his bid for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in Kentucky,

gratefully told the crowd of 300, "This is the first thing I've won since 1965."

"They'll sure as hell think I had something to do with it I didn't," Oiler Defensive End **Don Floyd** said indignantly. What he didn't have anything to do with was a husson Houston entertainer, one Miss Terre Tate, rushing to the bench to hug him and kiss him twice. "The couch is already a little down on me because I'm not playing well," Floyd mourned, and we can believe it. A pro football player who does not want to be kissed but can't struggle free until it has happened twice does not seem to be at the top of his form.

They all look happy, but of the Boston notables keeping to Pitcher **Jim Lonborg** (below, left) certainly has the prettier partner no offense meant to either Governor **John Volpe** or **Carl Yastrzemski** (below, right). Yast and the Governor have been working out regularly at the Colonial Health Club in Wakefield, Mass., under the eye of Trainer Gene Burde. When Yastrzemski checked in with him last year, Burde promptly set him on skipping rope, running in place, jogging and doing push-ups on his fingers. Yast subsequently was quoted as saying, "I didn't get acclimated this season 'a fact which several people noticed in October. As for Lonborg, he has taken up skiing and has been vacationing on the intermediate slopes at Val and Aspen. "I'm not really worried about broken bones or anything like that," he reports. "I don't go very fast yet."

The king and Queen of Nepal recently completed a particularly successful hunting trip to Alaska. Each bagged a fine Kodiak bear, the king's probably of record size, but excellent shots such as their majesties could have been expected to manage

that. The real achievement lay in getting a lot of their Christmas shopping done at the same time. Things are a little slow on Kodiak Island of a winter's night, so King Mahendra and Queen Rama addressed themselves to the Sears, Roebuck catalog and selected \$1,200 worth of gifts to be airfreighted back to Nepal at a cost of an additional \$1,000, among them such objects of less-than-oriental splendor as hunting socks and men's undershirts and drawers.

The U.S. Senate got sidetracked recently from student dissent to the issue of which is the country's best football team. Senator **Albert Gore** of Tennessee suggested that Secretary Rusk, heckled at Indiana U., accompany him to "see the University of Tennessee establish its No. 1 rating over the University of Oklahoma." Senator **Mike Monroney** of Oklahoma returned that his colleague was displaying "questionable acumen and insufficient knowledge of football. When the count is in, I believe the Senator will find that he still does not have the No. 1 football team. Oklahoma is No. 1." Senator Monroney attributed the grandeur of his state to its team, its young coach, and, poetically, "to the new and better seed, the pure water, and the warm air and the wind that blows."

All in all there was a good deal of warm air blowing, but at least no one on the Senate floor put into the Congressional Record a declaration that football is a game of inches.

Poet **Clement Moore** referred to Santa Claus as "a right jolly old elf," a choice of words which means that Moore was hunking up for a rhyme. We all know what shape Santa Claus is, but the adjectives connected with "elf" in Webster's dictionary are "frail," "diminutive" and "dainty." Poetic license is O.K., but even Moore might have hesitated to invoke it to describe one Santa in Florida this year. **Max Mountain Dean Jr.** has taken on the role, and his weight is up to 710 pounds.

Everybody knows that **Richard Hurton** is a sports, and so, it appears, is his brother, in a business-like sort of way. **Graham Jenkins** (Hurton formerly was a Jenkins, too) is general manager of the Aberavon Lido, a sports and amusement complex in Wales which will be, when completed, the largest in Britain. It comprises, among other things, an Olympic-size pool, an indoor sports center frequented even now by Olympic competitors, tennis courts, cricket, football and rugby pitches, running tracks, etc., to say nothing of a pub.



1769: Gordon's Gin

Alexander Gordon gave hosts (and hostesses) of Christmases past a new taste-tingler. Deceptively delicate in flavour. Extraordinarily smooth. Dry as the English wit. He called it, of all names, Gordon's Gin. Biggest seller in England, America, The World.



1967: Gordon's Ruddy Merry

The English have done it again. They created a cup of Christmas Cheer that you might just want to drink all year. Take 1 1/4 oz. of glorious Gordon's Gin, 3 oz. tomato juice, juice of 1/2 lemon, pinch each of celery and onion salt, dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shake well with cracked ice. Garnish with greenery.



What will the English think of next?



Fond of things Italiano? Give **Liquore Galliano** in this unique ceramic gift decanter by Coronetti. 19 inches high. Filled with the golden liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Also in the distinctive regular bottle.

Just beyond Australia's Great Barrier Reef, a scant 35 miles off the northern coast of Queensland, the biggest black marlin in the world swims in the warm tropic waters. No one can say exactly how big the fish are but the handful of anglers who have fished for them know with certainty that they are there. They know, too, that it is only a matter of time before the rest of the angling world discovers their secret: that these Australian waters are the finest big-game fishing grounds anywhere on the globe today.

Here are Pacific sailfish in numbers to make those off Baja California, Acapulco and Pihias Bay seem insignificant. There are countless wahoo and yellow-tail, bonito and cobia. Allison and bluefin tuna, dolphin and trevally, great schools of king mackerel averaging 35 pounds and some running as large as 100. There are queenfish, among the most spectacular and acrobatic fighters in the sea, and giant turbot, which grow to more than 70 pounds and can hold an angler in the fighting chair for hours. There are barracuda, and an Australian potpourri of sharks: bronze whalers, makos, tigers and whitepointers.

But the fish that overshadows all others in this fish-filled pocket of the South Pacific is the black marlin. Fewer blacks have been caught than any other marlin—blue, white, or striped—and probably more have been lost of those hooked than any other species. Only the broadbill swordfish is qualified in stamina and sagacity to rank in a class with the black, and ever since men began catching big fish they have argued as to which is the ultimate trophy. In sure there is less room for debate. The largest fish ever taken on rod and reel, with the exception of sharks, is a 1,560-pound black marlin. It was taken in 1953 by Alfred Gilassell off Cabo Blanco, Peru (SI, March 19, 1956) and, for a time, it seemed as if the biggest marlin anywhere were there. Since then anglers have probed every current off Cabo Blanco and farther south along the Chilean coast, off Ecuador and Panama, Bassaraha, Mozambique, Mauritius, Honolulu and New Zealand. But, for all their efforts, they have failed to find a bigger fish. In all those 14 years, in fact, only a few black marlin over 1,000 pounds have been caught anywhere.

Yet in less than one month this fall, three 1,000-pounders were taken from a

continued



Bigger black marlin than the one above are waiting to be caught in the relatively unexplored fishing grounds off the coast of Australia

Some new battles are boiling in the Coral Sea

single stretch of water, barely a three-hour boat ride from the city of Cairns. At least a dozen giant marlin estimated to be even bigger than these were hooked and lost in the same water. No one can guess how many more might have been taken had there been more anglers. There were only three boats fishing during that period, and they did not go out every day.

That any boats went out at all can be credited to a thin, blond American named George Bransford and to the vagaries of fate which landed him, during World War II, on the coast of northern Queensland. Long after he returned to the States and the neon and tinsel of Fort Lauderdale, where he worked first as a mate, then as captain of his own charter boat, Bransford dreamed of the white sand beaches and wet, green mountains of the Queensland coast. Season after season, as he fished the Atlantic from Miami to Palm Beach, his mind fished the bluer waters beyond the Great Barrier Reef. The promise of those faraway islands grew more insistent as the years went by. In 1963, Bransford returned to the place he could not forget.

For three months he explored the northern coast around Cairns, sometimes alone, sometimes with the commercial fishermen who spend their lives on the reefs. These men often saw big fish surfacing in the waters beyond the outer reef, they told him, but no one had fished for the monsters. With their small boats and inadequate tackle, they were neither equipped nor eager to catch such giants. Even the Japanese, they said, had given up fishing off the Great Barrier because too many of their nets had been mauled and destroyed by fish of monstrous size.

Bransford returned to Florida, sold his charter business, and with his wife and two young children moved to Cairns. It took the better part of a year to have the Cairns firm of H. Collins & Son build him a suitable boat—a 32-foot rough copy of a Florida sportsfisherman with a planing hull, an 11-foot beam, and a Perkins 135 single diesel. It took several months more to fit out the *Sea Baby* for the kind of fishing he planned to do.

Sailing out of Cairns, the major opening in the Barrier is known as the Grafton Passage. It runs past Green Island, a combination national park-tropical honky-tonk where workmen and their families come on Sundays to visit the

aquarium, picnic in the park and hand-line from the party boats that do a brisk weekend trade.

Just beyond Green Island is Arlington Reef, almost 10 times as large but under-water at high tide. Arlington lies to the west of the Grafton Passage. To the east are Euston, which is marked by an unlighted beacon, and Flynn, both submerged but made discernible by breaking surf. These reefs lie near the edge of the continental shelf, which here does not fall off in one sharp dip but gradually, in a series of steps. A rip tide flows across the edge of the shelf, and for most of the year the current runs from north to south.

What brought Bransford back day after day to this particular part of the outer reef was a three-mile-long, 100-yard-wide shoal called Jenny Louse, which lies within a mile of the continental drop-off. Between Jenny Louse and Flynn the waters average 25 fathoms, but the shoal itself is a bare six fathoms deep at its north end, only three fathoms deep at its south end. Beyond it, the shelf drops off to 45, then 96, then several hundred fathoms, and there is nothing all the way to the Solomon Islands but the vast expanse of the Coral Sea.

It was January when Bransford first fished along Jenny Louse. This was the peak of the Australian summer, and

water temperatures ranged as high as the mid-80s, more than 10° above the temperatures marlin seem to prefer.

It was not until the end of the Australian autumn, as the waters began to cool and calm, that Bransford had a chance to really fish the area. He noticed that the number and variety of fish on the shoal increased rapidly as winter approached. He found big dolphin and tuna among the wahoo and mackerel. By late July and early August small marlin began appearing on the inside reef and sailfish migrations moved through the area in great waves. But the big fish, the monster marlin, did not show up until late August.

A month later, on September 25, 1966, Bransford radioed from the *Sea Baby* that the first black marlin weighing over 1,000 pounds ever to be caught off the coast of Australia was on its way back to the dock at Cairns. It had been taken by a young Floridian named Richard Obach who had drifted into Cairns, hired on as Bransford's mate, and happened to be the only one in the cockpit when the fish struck. (Bransford's client that day was below, being seasick.) Obach's fish, at 1,064 pounds, topped the world's record in the 80-pound-line class by 230 pounds. It was a suitable start for a new sport.

In November 1966, Jack Taylor, an experienced big game angler from Melbourne, fought a black from the *Sea Baby* for four hours and 40 minutes. The double line was on the reel at least 15 times. Eventually the red-top guide bent under the pressure and snapped. The fish, Bransford is certain, would have been a new world's record. He is equally certain that there are black marlin in the waters off Jenny Louse that are so large they will make the 1,560-pound record fish look dainty by comparison.

It was there when the third of this season's triumvirate of 1,000-pounders was caught in October. It weighed 1,001 pounds as compared to 1,156 and 1,208 for the two taken within a week of each other at the end of September. This made it the smallest of the near 1,000-pound-plus fish taken off Cairns since the big game fishing began there little more than a year ago, but it was the biggest creature I have ever seen pulled from the sea.

What makes the size of this fish even more difficult to relate to trophies of



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FISHING *continued*

normal dimension is the fact that while it was being fought by a Melbourne boulder named Robert Oliver, it was joined in the water by three other giant marlin. One was at least half again as large as the fish on the line; the others were close enough to be over 1,000 pounds. These fish certainly provide ample evidence that the marlin are there. But, remarkably, the anglers are not. One of the reasons there are so few boats fishing out of Cairns is that there is a notable absence of facilities for mooring and docking them. All waterfront property in Cairns to 100 feet beyond high-water mark is owned by the Queensland government, which has shown no enthusiasm for parting with it. As a result, Dennis Allwood, a 26-year-old former airline pilot, has had to moor his boat to an abandoned tanker a half hour's run from the nearest place he can take on passengers. Allan Colles for a time was literally up a creek with his boat *Marlus*. He has recently wangled a more advantageous spot not far from the city dock.

Sooner or later, as word of the fishing off Cairns spreads and anglers from around the world descend upon the city, the problem of anchorage—and the variety of minor frictions which have arisen—should be worked out. The problem that will be more difficult to solve is how to land the giant fish that are there. The bigger a fish gets, the bigger the odds against landing it. "This is not like other sports in which you are competing with people," Bransford says. "It is not even like other fishing. Here you must first outwit a creature that has lived in the ocean 30 or 40 years. He has acquired a lot of knowledge in that time and he wises up very quickly to lures and baits. Then if you do induce him to take the bait, you still have to hold him. Most anglers are not up to landing a fish this big—physically or in terms of experience. Generally it is a mistake by the angler, the boat, or the crew that eventually loses the big fish."

"But even when there are no mistakes, we still lose many more than we land. There are fish in these waters that are just too big for the gear we are using. When a fish gets up to around 3,000 pounds, 130-pound tackle is pretty much inadequate."

"I know," he concludes, "there are fish that size here. I have not only seen them, I have been tied to them."

END

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Maximum ado over minimums

Easing their way around cries of "Liar," two capable and intelligent men are negotiating the issues—mostly trivial—that divide baseball

THIS week a pair of overqualified labor-relations experts are nose to nose over a conference table settling a minor league tempest that blew up in Mexico City during the major league meetings. Among the earth-shaking items on the agenda is a question of whether players' incidental expense money during spring training should be raised from \$25 to \$45 a week and whether it should be required that baseball-club owners provide free parking at stadiums for players. It is questions like these—and ones involving the minimum pay of major-leaguers—that had club owners and players at each other's throats in Mexico City while charges of "Liar!" turned the air blue.

Representing the baseball players is Marvin J. Miller, a small, dapper man with a pencil mustache and penetrating dark eyes, who was chief economist for

the United Steelworkers of America and assistant to Presidents David J. McDonald and J. W. Abel. For the owners there is John J. Gaherin (pronounced Grah-rin), a smooth, professionally pleasant man with a jutting jaw that stops barely short of being pugnacious, who was president of the Publishers' Association of New York City. For negotiating these momentous questions, each receives \$50,000 a year. Seldom has so much gone to solving so little.

Considering the jobs these men had before Miller deeply involved in a series of bitter steel strikes, Gaherin presiding over the merger, strike and death of three New York newspapers (*Herald Tribune*, *Journal-American* and *World-Telegram and Sun*)—what they are doing now must be considered in the nature of child's play. Perhaps that is why they both smile so easily.

They are still smiling in spite of the Mexico City flap, which was caused, according to Miller, by one of baseball's ancient problems, the refusal of baseball-club owners to delegate authority. No one's giving away any of their money.

Baseball had promised Miller better things. It had announced that its Player Relations Committee would negotiate for the leagues. "It turned out," Miller said, "the committee did not."

The sequence of events, he says, went like this. There was a meeting in New York City on November 15. Another was set for the 30th, but Gaherin called Miller to say that it would have to be called off, that discussions needed to be held between the committee and all the club owners in Mexico City. He told Miller there would be a message, setting a date for a meeting, when Miller got to Mexico City. Miller arrived with 20 baseball players, a representative from each club, at a cost to the players of over \$10,000. But there was no message. "I called Gaherin," Miller says,

"and he said we would have word two days later. Two days later I still hadn't heard. I called again. Gaherin said he was afraid we couldn't meet. I asked if we could meet with the whole owners' group instead and he said no, they were too busy."

That's when Miller called a press conference to denounce the owners for stalling and hinted baseball players would take some sort of action soon.

At first baseball did what it usually does: dented everything. Said Paul Richards, general manager of the Braves, "Somebody is lying. I don't think it's the owners. If this guy continues these tactics I guess we'll just have to get down in the gutter with him." Gaherin merely smiled and said the whole thing was a misunderstanding and his counsel, Bowe Kuhn, smiled and said, "We have agreed not to say anything more."

If there was an agreement, Miller knew nothing of it. "The trouble with them is they have not gotten into the 20th century yet," Miller said. "Normally, a negotiating group gives its committee some authority. The owners have not. They have given their committee instructions on what they will concede. That means if we agree with everything, fine. If there is one thing we don't like, the committee has to go back for more instructions and that's six months."

The issues for negotiation between
continued



MANAGEMENT'S MAN IS JOHN J. GAHERIN



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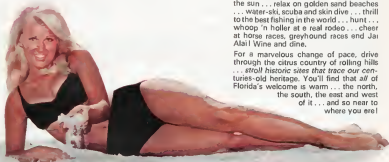


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WHITE SATIN
By Sir Robert Burnett

Miller and Gaherin were put down in a document Miller calls A Statement of Policy and Gaherin calls The July 28, 1967 Statement. No matter what it is called, it is a hodgepodge. It combines relatively important proposals—the lifting of minimum salaries from the present \$7,000 to \$12,000, a limit on salary cuts of 10% rather than the present 25%—

with scrapple, such as prohibiting day doubleheaders after night games (already a widely ignored rule), split doubleheaders, night games on getaway days (another WIR), and one-day stands (and how could Chicago play nine games in Milwaukee if this were adopted?).

Although little of this sounds serious, the owners take it hard, not only because it will cost them money, but because Miller is the kind of man who knows how to make important public-relations noises as he did during a dispute with Charles O. Finley, owner of the Athletics. Miller marched right out and filed an unfair-labor-practices charge, which is the kind of thing that drives owners up the wall because it is the stuff of courtrooms and congressional investigations and it taints with their holy grail, the reserve clause.

Miller makes the owners particularly edgy when he trots out a briefcase full of impressive statistics. Most of these have to do with the one issue involved, the minimum salary. For 10 years it has been \$7,000, and a player does not get even that unless he makes the club for most of the season. "It may be the only salary in America which is unchanged in that period," Miller points out. "There is a minimum in hockey of \$10,000, and you can't compare the economics of hockey and baseball."

The owners have offered a \$9,000 minimum and the reason they will go up only if forced to is that the raise probably will mean other raises all along the line. Miller counters this argument with his statistics.

"At between \$7,000 and \$8,000 there are more players than there are in any other \$1,000 range. Over 6% of the players are getting exactly \$7,000. Over 18% are getting \$9,500 or less. Over 26% \$11,500 or less. The median salary, the salary that 50% are under and 50% over, is only \$17,000."

This last figure upsets Gaherin, who says the median salary figure is highly debatable and that "I have heard it is much higher." Unlike Miller, though,

he does not reach into his attache case for a set of figures.

When union people negotiate they talk about "muscle," and Miller often threatens to use his. There is no question of a strike as such. But Miller suggests the possibility that players may become so emotionally involved they will refuse to sign their contracts. "What do you call that," he says with a tight smile, "a holdout?"

That is what he has in mind when he talks of calling a "special convention" of players. But will the players cooperate? Will the \$30,000-a-year man hold out for the rights of a rookie he doesn't even know? Jack Fisher, New York Met pitcher and player representative, thinks he would. "It's a matter of taking pride in your profession," he says. "We don't think we'd be fighting for ourselves. We'd be fighting for baseball."

For professionalism, you can't heat either Miller or Gaherin. It is difficult to say which of these men has had the more notable career. The 50-year-old Miller went to work for the steel union after World War II and today counts as his greatest accomplishment the establishment of a Human Relations Committee that helped resolve disputes during the life of the contract, rather than leaving them to fester until a strike deadline grew near. "There had been strikes in basic steel in 1946, '49, '52, '55, '56 and '59," Miller said recently in his comfortable office high up in the Seagram Building on New York's Park Avenue. "In 1962 we negotiated a new agreement six weeks before the old one expired. In 1963 we were finished some four weeks before. When we got to 1965 this represented the longest strike-free period in the history of basic steel."

After 16 years in the union Miller found that many of his tasks had become routine, and he was thinking of a change when the offer came from the Baseball Players' Association. "What appealed to me was that it was something close to my experience and yet new and different," Miller says in the quiet, precise, lawyerlike manner he affects, although he is not an attorney.

Gaherin, who may be used to working for groups for which he cannot really speak, is 52 years old and, like Miller, a New Yorker. He worked for the IHL, became assistant stationmaster of the Pennsylvania Railroad, moved over to the Long Island Rail Road as manager

of personnel, became director of labor relations of the New Haven Railroad, held the same post at American Airlines, took a job with the New York Harbor Carriers Conference Committee in time for the great tugboat strike of 1959, and went to work for the Publishers' Association in 1964. He has now been installed in a somewhat tacky and unfashionable office on 42nd Street.

His philosophy as a negotiator is similar to Miller's. "The best way to solve a problem," Gaherin says, "is to solve it as early as possible before it has the effect of any other forces on it."

Maybe so, but there are some things baseball owners will not negotiate, and two of these will be laid on the table by Miller. One is a "reevaluation" of the reserve clause. The other is Miller's desire to set up a system whereby disputes between owners and players—including fines—can be referred to impartial arbitration. As things stand now the baseball commissioner has the final word. And the commissioner, Miller points out, is an employee of the owners.

Still, an eruption appears unlikely now. It seemed more probable right at the beginning, when the baseball establishment reacted with panic to the hiring of Miller. First the owners attempted to cut off funds that were to be used to pay Miller. He, however, worked out a new and, for the players, cheaper method. Then, when the players asked for a voice in negotiating TV contracts, the owners rushed into a three-year pact that does not begin until 1969.

"They cut off their noses to spite their faces," Miller says. "In a rising market to rush into a three-year contract effective in 1969, and to do it in 1967, almost certainly means you are getting less than you could have gotten in 1969. I think it demonstrates what poor negotiators they are. And they have hurt the players by this precipitous action."

Once the owners understand what Miller's kind of negotiation means, Gaherin should be able to do a good job of keeping the peace for them. Says Miller, "Gaherin is an intelligent and capable gentleman," and says Gaherin, "Miller is highly intelligent and a very competent and dedicated trade unionist."

Having such capable and intelligent men doing the negotiations should, in the long run, be a good thing for baseball. It certainly would be something new.

END



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CHARLES GORDON

The position of the body, the head and the feet is the same for the chip-putt (left) as it is for a regular putt (above), but the grip should be a normal one, not one used for putting.

The chip-putt has some fringe benefits

It is easy to stop thinking about a golf swing, to decide more or less that certain fundamentals must be followed and that innovations should not be considered. But you should never stop thinking about this complex game. For example, here is a shot that I discovered for myself only a few weeks ago, though I am sure many good players have used it in the past. It is a chip shot from the fringe of the green. Ordinarily you would try a five- or six-iron, take an open stance as you would with any other chip or pitch and use the same type of swing that you would from 20 yards off the green. Why not, I wondered, use the same club but stroke the ball like a putt and try to

make the fringe an extension of the green? So I experimented with the chip-putt, and the shot is a good one. Take your normal grip and use your putting stance and your putting stroke—short backswing and a firm, precise stroke coming into the ball. The result will be the additional control that you can get with a putter, combined with enough loft for the ball to be in the air until it reaches the putting surface where the roll will be true. It is certainly a better shot than the one so many amateur golfers turn to because they are uneasy about their chipping—namely, using the putter from off the green and hoping the ball will hold its line until it gets through the heavier grass.



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A last hand that is a handful

Nobody knew the exact score, but the players knew it was close when, as luck would have it, the two leading partnerships in the recent Blue Ribbon Pair Championship in New Orleans met face to face in the final round. Sammy Kehela and Baron Wolf Lebovic of Toronto had come into the final session with a comfortable margin and were playing to defend their lead. But Lew Mathe of Los Angeles and Phil Feldesman of New York were moving up very fast and felt sure two more top scores would win the title for them.

Lebovic normally would not have been there as Kehela's partner. He is popular, friendly and does not pretend to play better than Kehela—"which," as Sammy puts it, "certain other partners do." This was a reference to Kehela's usual partner, Eric Murray, who arrived in New Orleans too late for the Blue Ribbon Pairs and was at the moment downstairs winning a side game entitled the Lafine Pairs. "Obviously," added Sammy, "a setup for a pirate."

Play at the table began, and on the first board Mathe-Feldesman took a

golfing 12 out of 13 points. So the title was now almost certainly at stake on the very last hand (left), and Kehela faced a serious problem. He realized that if he made the "right" bid for the strength of his hand—a cue bid in diamonds—Lebovic might become declarer and the opening lead would come through South's holding. So he made a deliberate underbid of two hearts and hoped that Lebovic would carry on. But two hearts is not forcing, and Lebovic, with a minimum hand for his double, let the contract stand.

As Kehela had figured, the defense was helpless with West on lead. Against the spade opening, South had time to knock out the ace of clubs and the ace of hearts and to discard all his diamond losers on dummy's good clubs to make five. But North-South's failure to get to game looked like the second big swing Mathe and Feldesman needed to win, and, if a majority of North-South pairs had reached game with South as declarer, the Canadians indeed would have ended in second place instead of winning by two points. But Kehela and Lebovic salvaged six of the 13 points on the board because, with North playing a four-heart contract, which happened at several of the tables, a diamond lead from East was fatal to declarer. Whether North won the first diamond or put on the queen and won the diamond continuation, he could not avoid a third-round diamond ruff. The defenders could get the diamond king, a diamond ruff, the ace of hearts and the ace of clubs to hold declarer to nine tricks. So the Blue Ribbon title went to Kehela and Lebovic.

With the title went qualification to play in the Team Trials that will select the North American team for 1969. There were immediate rumors that Kehela had promised to play in the Trials with Lebovic if they won. Kehela tried to laugh this off, but Murray, asked if it were true, answered, "Of course." WhowouldbeMurray's choice for a partner? "Anyone but Kehela," he replied. Pleased to state whether this indicated a change in their friendly relationship, Murray denied that he and Kehela ever had been friends.

All of which was flippant. The next day Murray and Kehela were partners in another event, while poor Wolf Lebovic, the new Blue Ribbon champion, needed somebody to play with. **END**

East-West vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♠ A K
♥ K J 12
♦ 9 8 2
♣ Q J 10 2

WEST

♠ Q J 3
♥ A 10
♦ K 7 6 3
♣ A 8 7 3

SOUTH

♠ 10 4 2
♥ Q 9 7 6 5
♦ A Q 10 3
♣ A

NORTH (Murray)	WEST (Mathe)	NORTH (Lebovic)	EAST (Feldesman)
PAWS	1 ♠	PAWS	PAWS
2 ♥	PAWS	PAWS	PAWS

Opening lead: queen of spades.

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BY JACK OLSEN

From father René, who could always beat Tilden, to daughter Catherine, who won the 1967 U.S. Women's Open in one of golf's most astonishing upsets, a remarkable family has brought championships home to France

THE



DYNASTY LACOSTE

CONTINUED

The house in Saint-Jean-de-Luz abounds in stuffed crocodiles and laughter. The crocodiles are there because they have become the symbol of the family. Say "crocodile" in sporting circles in Paris and you are saying "Lacoste." And the same has become almost as true in Rome, Mexico City and New Delhi. As for the laughter, that is merely the residue of victory, as Branch Rickey might have said. The Lacostes can afford to relax and laugh. The Lacostes are winners.

Through a large window in the summer house in southwestern France, one can see the rolling green hills of Golf de Chantaco, the golf club that has been in the family for decades, and, farther off, the brownish edges of the Western Pyrenees of Spain, which have not yet been taken into the Lacoste family. It is raining. Curtains of blue-gray spray fizz against the house, the flowers in the slightly unkempt garden are drooping with wet, and the weeds in the slightly unkempt lawn are doubled over to the ground. No matter. This is the yard of a family that does not have to keep up a front. When you can walk down your block and come to a street sign bearing your father's name you need not worry about such status symbols as lawns and flowers.

At the moment, housebound by the rain, the Lacostes are looking at photographs. "Oh, Mummy, this one is wonderful!" says 22-year-old Catherine Marie Lacoste, amateur golfer, French champion and perpetrator of one of the grandest upsets in the sport when she won the U.S. Women's Open championship last July.

"I like this one of Muriel Lindstrom," says the mother, Simone Thion de la Chaume Lacoste, a 15-time winner of French amateur golf championships. "She has such a lovely figure."

"A very attractive figure," echoes the father, René Lacoste, former Wimbledon and Forest Hills tennis champion and magnate of French industry, from shirts to ships to satellites.

"Oh, shut up, both of you!" the daugh-

ter exclaims in feigned annoyance. "You're only trying to make me angry!" Catherine Lacoste is aware that her own figure is less than Grecian—or really more than Grecian—but she can stand it.

In a country preoccupied with prestige the Lacostes of France have become national monuments almost on a par with the Cité de Carcassonne or the Musée du Louvre. In France the winner of a local bowler tournament often finds himself treated like Marshal Foch. Imagine, then, the acclaim accorded the Lacostes. "They are the first sporting family of the world," says a Paris newspaper editor. "It is indisputable. You have only to regard the record."

Indeed, if one does regard the record, taking care to throw out such provincial activity as mah-jongg, caber-tossing and the Eton wall game, one cannot but agree that the Lacostes are unique. In two sports that are generally considered truly international—tennis and golf—the Lacostes have records that are remarkable not only for their high order but for their ubiquity. "They bashed into competitions all around the world and have the nerve to win!" said an amazed British visitor to Golf de Chantaco. Simone Lacoste, back when she was Mlle. Thion de la Chaume, was the first foreigner ever to win the British Women's Open, and before her retirement from serious competition she had won innumerable other championships as well. René Lacoste failed to become the first Frenchman to win at Wimbledon only because his teammate, Jean Borotra ("the Bounding Busque"), beat him to the achievement by one year. In 1926 "The Crocodile," as he was already known, became the first Frenchman ever to win the U.S. Nationals, repeating his victory the following year and leading his team to the Davis Cup for an encore.

After René retired from tennis, at 25, there followed a hiatus of several decades in the sports-headline life of the Lacostes, and then along came Catherine ("The Crocodile Kid") to win the U.S.

Women's Open and send American professional golfers into snarling fits of frustrated anger. "It is satisfying," says René, "but one must not overvalue our family's achievements. We cannot be called a sporting dynasty."

Perhaps not, but as the Lacostes sit for a family portrait—the way they have many times since Catherine brought the U.S. Open trophy back from the New World there is a sense of dynasty. Mme. Lacoste is dressed with studied nonchalance in a skirt, blouse and cardigan, plus a green crocodile pin and a pair of flat-soled, spikeless golf shoes. Her gray-blond hair is perfectly groomed, her posture is precise and so is her British-accented English. She has about her some of the coolness, some of the chilling perfection, that one might expect to find in Princess Grace in 10 or 15 more years, if the Princess doesn't run to fat. Simone Thion de la Chaume Lacoste, well along in her 50s, has not.

Her husband is soft of voice and superbly polite and dominant. René Lacoste overpowers his surroundings. Sitting with him is like being in a room with an idling Maserati. He is, at 63, a slight man, still maintaining his playing weight of 155 pounds, and he has a thatch of ported white hair that is reminiscent of the late Carl Sandburg. His nose is on the large side, but it is his bespectacled brown eyes that draw one's attention. They slope down from the middle of his face on the same angle as a roof, and they give him a sleepy, pouncy look. He has two or three different explanations of how he got the nickname The Crocodile, but one only has to look at him to realize the truth. With his somnolent eyes and his strong nose and his quiet but powerful manner, he looks like one.

As the parents talk their daughter Catherine slips into a chair in a darker corner of the room. She is a chunky girl, charming and vital, a deceptively friendly competitor who will give you her hat and her automobile and then kick you sharply in the shins for trying to come between her and a victory, any

victory, in golf or bowling or crazy eights.

"It is easy to overdo this emphasis on us as a family," her father says. "The children do not like to do the same thing as the parents."

"No, and we don't like to be continually reminded of our parents, either," Catherine puts in, without hesitation, from the distant corner.

But it is hard not to be reminded, for the father of Catherine Lacoste remains, to this day, one of the authentic sports heroes of his native land. When Lacoste and his fellow "Mousquetaires" brought the Davis Cup home to France in 1927 the reception that met them was rivaled only by Lindbergh's at Le Bourget. At the height of his short playing career, Lacoste was regarded as the best tennis player alive, better even than the two American Bills, Tilden and Johnston, better even than his star teammates, Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra. Lacoste's matches with the tall, powerful Tilden were epic, and the frail-looking Frenchman almost always won. "I had studied his game carefully," Lacoste says now, "and I decided that by using a very short swing against him I could return the ball with his own spin on it. That's all there was to it. I retrieved and hit with the short swing. I did this every time and it annoyed Tilden from the beginning."

Big Bill was never fazed for his composure, and no one ever drained the color from his cheeks or the nonchalance from his speech to the degree that Lacoste did. Tilden once wrote, "The innumerable regularity with which that unsmiling, drah, almost dull man returned the best I could hit often filled me with a wild desire to throw my racket at him." After Lacoste beat him for the American championship at Forest Hills in 1927, Tilden stalked off the court grumbling, "I never played better. That Frenchman is a machine."

"The comparison is not altogether incorrect," Lacoste admits. "You see, I was a retriever to a large extent, and my backhand was my better stroke, so I could return the ball from either side. It



Long Europe's best women golfer, Anne Lacoste displays trophy after British Open win.

didn't matter. I started playing tennis when I was 10, and how can a boy of 10 win at tennis except by retrieving? He cannot hit hard enough to win. But the trouble is that ever afterward he has trouble attacking. I became locked into a retrieving game because my motivation was to beat my sister, and retrieving was the best way. She started tennis before I did, and she used to say, 'You are too young for the game,' and that made me angry. I couldn't go to the court with her, so I started to play against the wall. I got better and better and I beat my sister, and then came the day I could say to her, 'No, I don't want to play with you because you have a lousy backhand.'"

But in his prime Lacoste became much more than a retriever. He was a patient, intelligent player, often turning subtle

discoveries about his opponent into masterful coups.

"The main thing was that I hated to play badly," Lacoste says. "I wanted control of the ball—always control of the ball. Of all the modern players, I would say Rosewall plays the most like me, though, of course, much better than I ever played."

"But for me, it was not so much the desire to win, to defeat somebody, to rub the nose in the dirt. It was the urge to do whatever I was doing well. If I won a match and played badly I would be annoyed, depressed. People still speak of the match I won against Tilden in Saint-Cloud in 1927 for the French Championship, but I did not like that match at all, because I think I played very badly. I won more by tactics and patience, and I hated my poor play."

FRANKFURT

"On the other hand, when I played against Tilden in the championships at Forest Hills we both played very well. I happened to win, although he had been leading in all three sets. After all, I had to win it in three sets. My future wife was there watching."

At an age when most tennis players are still approaching their prime, the frail Lacoste retired from tournament tennis, partially on the advice of his doctor and partially because he considered the "play" phase of his life over.

"I did not find it possible to do both serious work and serious tennis," Lacoste says. "I have the one-track mind. I cannot subdivide myself. And besides, one had to live. Being an amateur tennis player then was the same as now. You could make a little money—I was paid \$1 a word by *The New York Times* for some articles about my game—but I did not fool myself, it was not because of my good writing that I got so much money. So I retired and went into my father's company. He was the president of the Hispano-Suiza automobile company. And then I broke away and began going in my own directions. But I was never permitted to forget tennis. Wherever any of the Mousquetaires went in France, our record went with us. We have remained French heroes for 40 years and for one reason only: because no French team except ours ever won the Davis Cup. If one had, then we would be forgotten. Every now and then the four of us still play an exhibition. We hit a few balls and look ridiculous and retire gracefully. Tennis is too much of a game for me now. I play golf. The only tennis I play is against the wall, testing my rackets. So now you know my life story: from the wall to the wall in 50 years."

Not quite.

Neither René Lacoste nor his bride, daughter of the director of the Bank of Indo-China and other enterprises, was facing the poorhouse when René retired from tournament tennis in the late 1920s, but neither had they established any independent source of wealth. On one of his frequent visits to the U.S., Lacoste went about interviewing indus-

trialists, asking advice on what sort of business to enter. A visit with old Henry Ford was followed by a visit to the Bendix plant in South Bend, Ind., where a bemused executive wrote out a licensing agreement permitting the French tennis star to manufacture Bendix-type engine starters in Europe. Thus began a Lacoste company called Air Equipment, which grew and merged through the years into Ducellier-Bendix-Air, a mammoth automobile, aerospace and parts corporation that turned more than \$100 million in sales last year. DBA makes one part or another for just about every automobile manufactured in France or, for that matter, Europe. Lacoste also sits on the board of Le Nickel, one of the largest French corporations, helps run a Rothschild investment company called Sinord, is active in a big shipbuilding company called Société des Ateliers et Chantiers de la Loire, which makes 200,000-ton tankers; and holds a dozen or so other directorships and business interests.

Ironically, the product with which Lacoste is most closely identified throughout the non-Gallo world is one that has never been more than a part-time activity for him, the cotton sports shirts bearing the little green alligator on the breast and the impressive label at the collar. "Chemise Lacoste." Now run by son Bernard out of an office in Paris, Chemise Lacoste sold something less than two million shirts last year and, with Catherine Lacoste's victory in the U.S. Women's Open, demand has soared so far beyond capacity that the company doubts if it will ever catch up. "We had a backlog of something like 200,000 at one point," René says. "Everybody seems to want them. It is worse than ever. Of course, for more than 20 years we have not been able to make enough."

The original Chemise Lacoste—and, indeed, the original knitted sports shirt as we know it today—sprang directly from the fertile mind and frail constitution of the tennis-playing René back in the 1920s. "I was always catching cold during tournaments," he remembers, "and I began to suspect that one of the

causes was the 'floating' shirt that everybody was wearing in those days. Perhaps it is hard to remember now, but we all played in white shirts with cuffs and collars and buttons. It was exactly the kind of shirt you would wear to a dinner, except that we would not wear a tie. I wanted something more practical and more healthy, so I turned to what the polo players were wearing. They didn't wear collars, and they used a softer material and short sleeves. I had a shirtmaker take one of these polo shirts and add a collar. I began to wear this type of shirt, and I immediately attracted attention. In fact, long before I got the idea of going into the business, shirts of this type were being manufactured and sold as 'Lacoste shirts,' not as any kind of brand name but simply as a description."

In the early 1930s, while Lacoste was still learning the manufacturing business, he was approached by a friend who said that it was ridiculous for him to allow dozens of knitwear companies to turn out Lacoste shirts while he was not making a sou on his own creation. "He made me a little annoyed at myself," Lacoste says, "and so I agreed that he and I would start a shirt business together. The company prospered on a small scale until World War II, when we shut down because we did not want to sell crocodile shirts to Germans. After the war we started again. Then we began exporting them, and suddenly everything took off, exploded. Our shirts became so popular that at one time there were 50 commercial firms in America turning out shirts with a crocodile insignia—or an alligator, as the Americans have always called it. You could even buy little green alligators to sew on your sports shirts to make them look like Chemises Lacoste. We could do nothing about it, because it was impossible for us to register an alligator trademark. That trademark was already held by the company that makes raincoats. Finally we made an agreement with Alligator, and now they can use the trademark and so can we, but nobody else can."

Although the usually reticent Lacoste will talk your ears off about the quality of his shirts, the Peruvian and Egyptian cotton that goes into them, the cut and design and superior production methods, etc., he also is the first to admit that the simple gimmick of the crocodile played a major but mysterious role in making the shirts popular. "I cannot explain it," he says, "but it just caught on. People wanted to wear that little alligator. Isn't it strange how life works—the elements of pure luck that are involved? I was called The Crocodile, and it turned out to be a nice identifying mark. But suppose I had been called something else, something vague—the retriever or the getter—something you can't picture. Do you think we would have had a successful shirt called Chemise Retriever or Chemise Getter? I was very, very lucky."

One might expect René Lacoste, late in his middle years, to retire gracefully from all his business activities and enjoy the family's weekend home smack in the middle of the Saint-Nom-La-Brette golf course near Paris, or the swank apartment in the 16th *arrondissement*, or the summer home overlooking the course at Golf de Chantaco; and to some slight extent he has. But his mind refuses to retire, and Lacoste periodically finds himself caught up in some new moneymaking enthusiasm, whether he likes it or not. The latest interest in his business life is the steel tennis racket, used with more than their usual success at Forest Hills by finalist Clark Graebner and semifinalist Gene Scott, and with total success by winner Billie Jean King. "It will be accepted more and more," the grand old man of French tennis predicts with less-than-typical modesty, "and it will be just like the history of Chemise Lacoste. For 20 years we won't be able to catch up with the demand for the steel racket. I do not state that as an idle boast, but as a simple fact. Already we hear that Wilson, our licensee in the U.S., cannot supply the steel rackets fast enough, even though they are not at all inexpensive [about \$50]."

To be sure, René Lacoste was far from

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the only person to experiment with a metal racket, although he well may have been one of the earliest to attempt to string gut onto a metal frame. "I used to think, even when I was playing, that you could make a good racket out of something other than wood," he says, "but it was only what you call an idle thought. Then what happened in golf was an inspiration to me. For 30 or 40 years golf was played with wood shafts, and suddenly metal took over completely. And I would pick up my tennis racket and I would say to myself, 'You must do it! You must do it!'"

"The trouble was there was no practical way to make a steel racket. It was easy enough to form a racket of steel tubing. But what do you do about the strings? I tried drilling holes in the steel, but two things happened. First, the steel became too weakened. Second, unless the holes were finished with almost the precision of a jeweler, they would cut through the gut. It was impossible.

"Then one night, at Christmastime, I was playing with some wire in our home in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and suddenly it came to me. We would use exactly the same steel that is used in golf clubs, and we would wind wire around the frame instead of punching holes through it, and to those wires we would string the gut. That was eight or nine years ago. There remained the problem of designing a machine to do all this. I made the design and took patents and licensed Wilson to make the racket in the U.S. There are many advantages to the racket, and it is no accident that some people who were not winning before are winning with steel. The racket is stronger. It does not warp, because there is no wood in it. There is no press required, because the frame is so strong. The throat is open, and there is less wind resistance. The strings stay tighter longer because, unlike wood, the steel is not distorted by the tension. And the racket transmits much more power much more easily because it is made of steel."

But, looking back on all his serendipitous inventions and discoveries, it is possible that René Lacoste in his wildest dreams never imagined that the most

satisfying happening of his life was to come on his 63rd birthday, after he had created the Chemise Lacoste, invented the steel racket, become a wheeler and dealer in French industry and won a houseful of trophies of his own. In some ways this latest satisfaction in the lives of the Lacostes may be listed under the heading of *The Rich Get Richer*, or *Them That Has Gets*, or any of the other slogans used by losers to explain the success of winners ever since Paleolithic times.

In a word, the Lacostes opened a sort of golf "factory" aimed at producing champions, and one of the first finished products turned out to be their own daughter. "Catherine went to the U.S. Women's Open to learn a few things—for the experience—and she won it," says Simone Lacoste, in a voice still full of wonderment. "I must say we were quite surprised."

She shouldn't have been. As one of the bereted Basque workmen at the family's golf course put the matter not long ago, "The child is a Lacoste, isn't that correct?" Fifty-six chagrined American golf pros can ruefully testify: the child is a Lacoste.

This child Lacoste, the 22-year-old Catherine, humiliated the world's best women professional golfers by defeating them—abjectly—in the U.S. Women's Open this year in Hot Springs, Va. En route to her victory she broke three records, becoming the first foreigner, first amateur and youngest player ever to win the Open. More important, at least to Frenchmen, she scored a major victory for the athletic prestige of France, which has been sagging in all but winter sports ever since a miserable showing in the Tokyo Olympics. The French were already spending millions of francs to train their athletes for the 1968 Olympics in the ionosphere of Mexico City and more millions to turn lackluster Grenoble into a showcase city for the Winter Games in February. And now, at a cost to France of exactly nothing, zip, rien, a French girl had won the U.S. championship, the toughest women's

tournament there is, the winner of which becomes, *ipso facto*, world champion for a year.

Small wonder, then, that the French embassy in Washington wasted no time in conveying compliments to Catherine in Hot Springs. The French minister of sports—a cabinet officer—cabled his thanks for her contribution "*pour le prestige de la France*." Premier Georges Pompidou telephoned his friend René Lacoste and wondered if Catherine would have time to join him at lunch in Paris. There was even enthusiastic talk at the time of awarding her the *Ordre du Mérite* and there was a congratulatory note from the King of Belgium. A Paris newspaper called the win *LA PLUS BELLE VICTOIRE DU GOLF FRANÇAIS* (the greatest French golfing win ever), and another headlined, *PARTIE POUR APPRENDRE ELLE A DONNÉ LA LEÇON*, which freely translates as, "She went to take a lesson and wound up giving one." The AP called Catherine "De Gaulle's revenge," without specifying for what, and the *New York Daily News* said she was "the greatest thing to come out of France since Brigitte Bardot."

And while all this praise was ringing out, what was the heroine of the hour up to? Catherine Lacoste was going her own way, as usual, picking her pleasures in the independent manner that has infuriated the Establishment ever since her career began. First she pulled out of several U.S. tournaments she had intended playing "for the experience," further aggravating the ladies' golf-pro impresarios, who were already bleeding in their shoes over her victory. Then she drove off to Pine Valley for a crack at the course she had heard was the toughest in the world ("and it is!"). She visited friends in Boston and interrupted her dinner to sip champagne and chatter away with a homesick French chef deep in the scullery of The Ritz-Carlton. She drove off at her usual top speed to see Expo '67 and, when she was good and ready, returned to Saint-Jean-de-Luz. To this day she has not taken up M. Pompidou on his luncheon invitation and, instead of going off on a mad fandango of golf exhibitions and

continued



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autographing parties and public appearances, she has returned to her family's golf club and to daily rounds with her own rat pack, consisting largely of caddies, ex-caddies, neighborhood Basque children, vacationing teenagers and an occasional hot-shot visitor like Prince Aulaufo d'Orléans et Bourbon. "I have my own way to go," Mlle. Lacoste says, in the high, throaty, mellifluous voice that Frenchwomen seem to have a patent on. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

If Catherine Lacoste were testing for a movie, her figure would be considered unfortunate (5' 3", 138 pounds), yet she is a study in total femininity. She has brown, down-slanting eyes that came straight through the genes from her father, brown hair that falls in soft loops, a round sort of pie face and a smile that makes the marguerites want to grow.

So how does she manage to rub so many people the wrong way?

"I don't fully understand it myself," she says in a British accent much like her mother's. "In America they called me a loner. Well, I wasn't a loner by choice, I can tell you that! The American pros saw to it that I was a loner; not all of them, but almost all. And in France it's difficult for me to find friends on my own golf level, because there's simply no one else of my age on my level. My nearest competitors are 27 to 45 years old, and they don't like me one bit. They were reigning in French women's golf for a long time, and then I came along and . . . you know, it knocked them back a bit, and they didn't appreciate me."

"Look here," says an English journalist who has followed the Lacoste girl's career closely. "It's all quite clear, isn't it? This is a girl it is almost impossible to dislike, and yet she is always the center of a storm. The French amateur women hate her because she's made it all seem so easy, and the American professionals hate her because she doesn't need the money that they fight and scratch to get and the entrepreneurs of golf hate her because she goes around telling everybody that the game is not at all important and she would rather get married and have babies. You see?

Nobody likes her except the galleries!"

More than anything else, Catherine Lacoste is a product of Golf de Chantaco, the spectacularly beautiful course built by her maternal grandfather, René Thion de la Chaume, and overseen for three decades by Catherine's parents. "Simone and I feel that we owe much to sport," says René Lacoste, "and we are trying to give it back with this golf course. For many years now Golf de Chantaco has been a place where good young players could practice and play for nothing and even take free instruction from the best teacher in France, Raymond Garaialde. Luckily, it is a private course, and we can let the young people play as our protégés. Three out of four of the top amateurs in France either started at our club or developed here. It is what you might call our own assembly line for champion golfers."

The course itself may be the most densely foliated arena outside the jungles of Brazil. The narrow fairways are lined like the walls of a corridor with sycamore and pine, oak and hazelnut trees, chestnut and walnut trees, tens of thousands of them, and all because of the German occupation in World War II. "The Germans were sending French workmen off to Germany," René Lacoste recalls, "and we had to figure out how to save the nine or 10 groundskeepers who worked for us. So we found a funny old German law under which anyone working in forests couldn't be taken to another job. When the Germans showed up to take our workmen I explained, 'They are planting trees, they come under your law.' We kept up nine holes at Golf de Chantaco all through the war, but the Germans appropriated the other nine for training some cavalry units, and they left us with another permanent legacy, some very tough weeds that come from Asia. It must have been in the feed they brought in for the horses. You can still find this weed on the fairways. But we also got our 50,000 trees."

Catherine Lacoste first appeared on the Chantaco course at the age of 8 when she picked up a foreshortened driver and hit a ball over a hill and more or less out of sight. "That is what

made me become a golfer instead of a tennis player," she says. "I could hit a golf ball 50 or 60 yards, and I couldn't get a tennis ball over the net. You can't at 8, you know."

By the time she was 15 Catherine was the best young player of either sex at Golf de Chantaco, but she was still having trouble with her driving—too many were going out of sight into the trees. It was then that she adopted her distinctive swing for tee shots. "I sort of wind myself up like a spring, and then I uncoil everything, like Gary Player," she says. "I go up on my toes and throw every ounce into the drive." Classic, it is not. Effective, it is.

The most characteristic part of her golf game, however—as much a trademark as the alligators on the shirts manufactured by her father—is her total abandonment, her *laissez-faire* attitude. She is no Ara Parseghian. There is not a member of Golf de Chantaco who can remember the last time she played safe. On the other hand, they can recite chapter and verse from the tournaments she has blown by going for the pin with the obsessiveness of a lemming. "It's just my character," she says. "I like to play ahead and see what happens. If there's a possibility of reaching the green, no matter how difficult the shot, I go for the green. That's the game, isn't it?"

Playing in such a boisterous manner, Mlle. Lacoste became, inevitably, an in-and-outer, and although there are those on both sides of the Atlantic who think that she is inherently the best lady golfer alive, no one will ever know for sure, because she does not intend to change her game. On a day when everything is clicking, her shots sizzle. On a day when she is bad, she can be very, very bad. In 1966 she set an alltime women's record of 66 on the treacherous Sandwich course in England. But, despite her acknowledged superiority over the French female players, she was not able to bring home the French Open before this year. When she finally did, it was in her customary bulldozing manner: eight and six over Brigitte Vanangot, the perennial winner.

Before Catherine left France for the

continued

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U.S. Open this year, her father told a newspaperman, "In life you have to choose. Catherine has declined her selection for the European Championships for that reason. In the U.S., she can learn, and at her age she still has a lot to learn. She will play in the U.S. Open, but without any particular aim. If she finishes in the first 10, it will be a good performance." Catherine left France, in other words, with somewhat less fanfare than Lafayette, or, for that matter, somewhat less than her father 40 years before. But anyone, including the old Crocodile himself, who thought she was playing the Open "without any particular aim" was either kidding himself or the public. As a friend of the family put the matter with Gallic precision, "The Lacostes don't play for practice." The American pros soon found that out.

Catherine's differences with the Americans began even before the opening ceremonies. First there was a little hanger-on. To wit: "I had met Jan Herraris two years before. She's 20 years old, a pro and not a bad player at all. When she arrived in Hot Springs the Sunday before the Open I was so happy to see someone I knew. I was in a bathing suit with a towel, getting ready to go in for a swim, and I said, 'Come have a swim with me.' She looked shocked. She said, 'Oh, no, I haven't got a swimming suit with me!' I must have looked quite astonished, because she said, 'None of the pros carry swimming suits in their luggage.' I was so astounded I didn't know what to say. Here's a girl of 20 traveling all about the country in the summertime, and she hasn't got a swimming suit! And I suddenly realized what a difference there was between me and the American pros. With them it's business, business, business. In between rounds they sit in their rooms and figure out how they could have played better. They budget and smoke and putt on the rug and worry. And because I would go out at night and do things like dancing the Charleston and swimming and bowling, they treated me as though I were some kind of a freak. 'Look at her!' they would say. 'She's in the pool again.' I would just smile politely."

A day or two before the opening round Catherine walked into the coffee shop at the Cascades Inn and spotted three of America's best-known lady golfers having breakfast. "I wouldn't dream of mentioning their names," she now says, "because it would be unfair to single them out. They're the same as most American pros. Anyway, I didn't have a game for that day, and I wanted someone to practice with. So I walked over, and I said, 'I wonder if one of you hasn't got a game today?' They laughed outright, all three of them. They said, 'Of course we've got a game.' What did I do? I just sort of hacked away. What could I say? My word! Imagine, a foreigner going up to them and being treated like that! Why, if I'd been sitting there with two other French girls and some American girl had come up, why, we'd have broken up our own threesome to give her some practice. My word, it's simple etiquette! It isn't as though I'm some sort of ghastly player or putting on airs by asking to play a round with them."

At the end of the first round of play the visitor from France was tied for second with a 71. That was hardly good enough for anybody to care if she spent her time swimming or not. But on the next day Rene's daughter turned in one of the wildest rounds a U.S. Open gallery has ever witnessed. It was not so much her score, but the way she achieved it. On a difficult course, she made birdies at 2, 9, 11, 13 and 14 to go four under par and eight shots ahead of all the pros. She had only to play a tight, safe game to come in with a score that would have ended the Open right then and there. Instead she slashed boldly away, got into trouble and wound up with a 70 that should have been a 65. And while the chunky mademoiselle went off to see *Namu, the Kalleh Hiale* with some vacationing kids she had befriended, the lady pros began to gabble. A previous winner of the Open announced, "No amateur could ever win this tournament!"

Catherine was now five strokes ahead of the field, but on the surface all was still sweetness and light, largely because

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The two faces of Catherine: one emphasizes her competitive zeal during Women's Open, the other shows her poking fun at home pros.



she was not yet being taken seriously. "Should she manage to keep her fast pace and win the title, there will certainly not be any hard feelings among the U.S. professionals," *The Rasmoke World-News* reported in what turned out to be the Owey-beats-Truman motif. Lennie Wirtz, the tour director for the Ladies PGA, was quoted as saying, "They all love her. She played in our Open two years ago and when she went back home she sent every member of the tour a gift. Of course, it was a Lacoste shirt, but it was still a nice gesture." Catherine, who probably will be buried some day in a Lacoste shirt, especially appreciated Wirtz's choice of words.

Still, there had to be a few nervous shivers by certain members of the tour. If an amateur should win the tournament the whole ladies' professional golf tour would have to go through 365 days with no Open champion to advertise. There would be no pro champ to pick up the thousands of dollars in endorsements waiting for the winner at the 72nd hole, and every member of the tour would suffer financially because of diminished attendance during the year. Nothing like that could be allowed to happen.

On the third day Catherine played her first nine holes with atrocious abandon, four strokes over par. The pros and the impresarios began to relax. She was falling apart as expected. But her touch returned on the back nine. "And then they really began to apply the pressure," Catherine recalls. "I was playing with Susie Maxwell, and after I missed a putt I lined it up again and shot it over for practice. Now, this is quite illegal in some PGA tournaments, but under USGA rules you are permitted to take practice puts if no one is waiting behind you. In other words, if you are not delaying play I had checked into all this on the first day, and I had taken practice puts earlier in the Open without anybody saying a word. But now there was Susie Maxwell marching over to the referee and saying, 'She just practiced again on that green. She's got two penalty strokes coming.' And the referee said, 'No, she hasn't.' And Susie Maxwell said, 'Yes, she has. The rule is

written right there on your card.' The referee took out his card and said, 'Show me.' And she just turned around and walked away. Can you imagine? Later on Margie Masters tried to do the same thing to me, only I didn't find out about it just then, so it didn't bother me. I asked some of my friends about such behavior, and they told me it was quite clear that both the girls knew the rules, but they were trying to upset me. Perfectly normal in American golf, they said. My word! It takes the fun out of the game, doesn't it? Why, those girls will leave you in a pool of blood! I'm not blaming them, please understand. I'm just saying that it takes some getting used to."

On the fourth and last day of the Open the nerveless Catherine Lacoste, still five strokes ahead, suffered an attack of—well—nerves. "It wouldn't have happened," she says now, "but in American sports events television runs everything, and television decided that I should not begin my round with Margie Masters until 2:30 in the afternoon. Waiting and waiting and waiting. I got a pain in my stomach from the nervousness. But as soon as I hit a few practice balls, it went away. I think the tension might have had more of an effect on Margie Masters. She double-bogeyed the first hole, and how embarrassing it must have been for her! She was two in the bunker near the green, and she came out about four or five yards from the pin and went about a foot and a half by, and then missed that putt. Unbelievable! So now I was seven strokes up with 17 holes to play. I don't think that helped my concentration at all. I do know that starting with the 10th hole my whole game went sour. I took five straight bogeys. Imagine. One of my friends came up and said, 'Come on now, you've got to hold on.' But on 16 I shanked a seven-iron. I heard one of the pros say, 'That's Oeadsville!' The ball lay on a path directly behind some television cables, so I asked that the cables be cut. Everybody acted very shocked and said I would have to play over them. I wound up with another bogey, and now I figured that I was only one stroke ahead

of Beth Stone and Susie Maxwell."

The 15th annual U.S. Women's Open was won on the 71st hole. It was won on Lacoste guts, and the pros will still be babbling about it by the time the 30th Open is played. The hole is a 355-yard par 4, narrow and treacherous and shaped like a boomcrang. Many of the ladies had been hitting nice safe three- and four-woods off the tee, leaving themselves another three-wood or four-wood to the green. Catherine Lacoste, having bogeyed six of the seven previous holes and almost blown her lead, pulled out her brassie and blasted a gigantic drive in a towering loop around the trees, cutting the angle off the dogleg and leaving herself a straight 110 yards from the pin. "People asked me later if I thought very much before I made that drive," she says, "and, honestly, I had to answer that I didn't. I remember, I just said to myself, 'Well, I'll hit it and see what happens.'"

Now she had another option. She could hit a safe iron to the left edge of the green, avoiding all hazards, and try to get down with two putts for her par. Or she could try to loft the ball over the pond that lay directly in front of the pin on the right side of the green and have a good chance for a birdie. She went for the pin. The ball cleared the water and stopped almost where it hit: 10 feet from the hole. Catherine drilled the putt so hard that the ball hit the back of the cup, squirted up, and then dropped into the hole for a birdie 3. When she crisply parred the 18th hole of the final round the rout of the pros was completed.

As soon as the Open was over, Tour Director Wirtz played the role of the good loser. "All right," he quipped, "you pros will line up under the trees and receive your 50 lashes." But earlier in the day he had had a few harsh words with Catherine, and evidently, as she now recalls, he was still piqued. "It started when I arrived at the club for the last round," she says, "and he walked up to me and said very briskly, 'I heard that you might not be playing in the Lady Carling next week.' And I said, 'I don't know, I might and I might not.'"

You can imagine how much my mind was on the Open right at that moment, not on some tournament the next week. So he said, 'Well, you'd better let me know.' I said, 'All right, I'll let you know this evening. I won't know myself till then.' He said, 'You've got to tell me before 9 o'clock this evening, otherwise you'll be too late.' I should have answered that an amateur has a right to do what she likes, that I was not one of his paid players that he can order around. But I was too polite. Anyway, right after I won I called my mother and father, and then I rushed back to the club for the ceremonies. Just as I arrived I met Mr. Wirtz walking toward his car. I was surprised to see him getting ready to leave before the awards, and I suppose I sort of expected him to congratulate me, but he didn't say a word. So I said, 'Mr. Wirtz, I'd like to tell you that I won't be playing in the Lady Carling tournament next week.' He looked at me for a moment and then turned his back and walked off. He didn't say a word! It wasn't a quarter of an hour after I'd won. I tell you, I was shaken

by that! I suppose, looking on his side of things, he felt that it took something out of his girls for an amateur to win the U.S. Open. But I still think he acted terribly naughty."

Relaxing at her home in the land of the Basques, Catherine Lacoste shows no resentment over her experiences in the New World. "How can I be angry?" she says. "I won, didn't I? To be angry, you have to take something very, very seriously, and I don't take golf that way at all. I'd never turn pro, and I'd rather have acute appendicitis than get involved in something like the tour. I have a lot of fun here. I enjoy going to the interpreters' school at the Sorbonne, and I enjoy working in my three languages—French and English and Spanish—and I enjoy playing the guitar and painting and playing golf with my friends whenever the notion strikes me. But toward the end of each golf season I begin to get a strong feeling of wanting to put my clubs away and saying to hell with it. After that I hardly have a golf club in my hand for five months. To tell you the truth, I'll probably chuck

the whole thing in two or three more years and get married."

Her father, the old Crocodile himself, comes silently into the room and sits next to his daughter. "We are different, Catherine and I," he says to no one in particular. "I played to improve myself, to play well, not just to beat the other person. But one cannot deny it is a pleasure to win."

"Yes, we are different," Catherine says, after her father wanders off to another part of the house. "In fact, we are opposites when it comes to sport. I play to win. I want to win. But I'm also *cubotine*. You can't translate that exactly, but it means you can do well when you want to. You can rise to an occasion. That's me: *cubotine*, a bit of a show-off. But I'd never do what my father did against Tilden, win a big match and go off the court angry at my play. Never! I'd feel quite happy. Next year in the U.S. Open I would be satisfied to shoot a 390 if I won. Yes, indeed. That would suit my personality exactly. But miracles don't happen two years in a row. Do they?"

END



Mrs. Lacoste and daughter Catherine show their winning smiles, while the old Crocodile restrains his mirth during a family gathering at home.

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GARDEN 57th St. E. of Mad	Goldthumb
GOHAM 47th & 8 Way	Goldthumb
GRAND Park near 32nd St	Goldthumb
GRANDVIEW near Columbus Circle	Goldthumb
HEIGHTS CINEMA Montague & Wicks	Goldthumb
IRVING Chatterbox & Hudson	Goldthumb
KNICKERBOCKER 67th Ave. & 12th	Goldthumb
LUX 50th St. E. of 2nd	Goldthumb
MARLBOROUGH 141 Ave. & 22nd	Goldthumb
PAVILION 161st & Watworth	Goldthumb
REGENT 77th St. between 1st & 2nd	Goldthumb
STUYVESANT SQ 27th near Lexington	Goldthumb
7th AVE. CINEMA between 28th & 40th	Goldthumb
SHELTON West 50th St. near 8th Ave	Goldthumb
TUDOR 43rd & 2nd	Goldthumb
UPTOWN 91th & Amsterdam	Goldthumb
WASHINGTON SQUARE West 48th St	Goldthumb
WINDSOR 51th St. & 1st	Goldthumb

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For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 68? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't

Laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked you about it?

Maybe you don't like peppermint.

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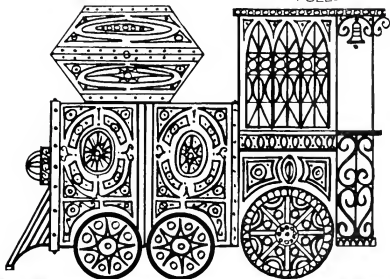


IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND BREATH

USE US ON CHRISTMAS SEALS

FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS...

EMPHYSEMA...AIR POLLUTION...



Professional pedestrianism, *i.e.*, walking for pay, did not offer a very promising career for women—respectable women, that is—until December 16, 1878. It was on that date that an English music hall performer calling herself Madame Anderson began an attempt to walk 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 quarter hours in Mozart's Hall, Brooklyn, New York.

Few Brooklynites or New Yorkers (the two were separate cities then) cared to risk the 25¢ it cost to see Madame Anderson during the first days of her performance, and the whole enterprise seemed doomed. Less than a month later, however, the demand for admission was so great that the management doubled the price, and by January 13 an estimated 2,000 spectators were paying a dollar apiece for standing room at the Hall and two dollars for a reserved seat.

Professional walking had long been a popular sport for men in both England and the United States. Talk of "the peds," as they called the walkers, was on every tongue, and in 1878 Sir John Astley, a prominent amateur sportsman and member of Parliament, brought pedestrianism riches and dignity by offering a £500 purse and a £100 belt to the winner of a six-day go-as-you-please walk marathon in London. The event drew huge crowds, and the first Astley Belt was won by one Daniel O'Leary of Chicago.

While sportsmen on both sides of the Atlantic were still discussing O'Leary's remarkable triumph, Madame Anderson, accompanied by her husband, arrived in New York City with her plan to extend the professional walk to women. After securing the use of Mozart's Hall on a share-the-profit basis, they erected a tent inside the walking track and equipped it with a bed, stove and cooking utensils.

The madame's schedule called for her to walk the announced quarter mile in a fraction of the 15-minute period, then rest until the next quarter hour began. Once the judge signaled the beginning of the first session by ringing a bell, the English pedestrienne was to leave the track only for these brief rest stops.

The great walk was a lackluster affair until Madame Anderson had completed more than three-fourths of her self-imposed ordeal. During this period the 35-year-old former singer, actress, mas-

The Ladies Walked and Walked

Long before the dance marathons of the 1920s, the pedestriennes of the 1870s were setting endurance records

by GUY M. LEWIS

sion, circus clown and proprietress of concert halls amused the few curious viewers by interrupting her walk long enough to sing to her own piano accompaniment and to black the faces of sleeping customers with grease paint. It was comparatively tame entertainment, but by appearing in costumes "revealing shapely and superbly developed limbs, that are visible to the knee" she managed to keep the venture alive. Finally the public began to sense the dramatic value of the situation: the brave agony of this solitary figure whose face, now pale and emotionless, revealed the utter exhaustion of her entire body.

Madame Anderson became a symbol of heroic, independent womanhood and as such was encouraged throughout the last days of her walk by hundreds of shrieking, handkerchief-waving females. Proper New Yorkers made it "quite the correct thing . . . to drop into Mozart's Hall and watch Anderson for an hour or so." Emotionally uninvolved gamblers and bookmakers, and those who were attracted by the tidal wave of public sentiment and curiosity, added to the diversity of social elements present for the finish of the walk.

During the last climactic days the show was an extravaganza worthy of Ziegfeld or Barnum. The management had employed a hand and draped hunting in brilliant colors from the ceiling and railings. Cloth folds enveloped the British ensign that hung over the doorway. When Madame Anderson entered her tent the crowd anxiously awaited reports from a physician and trainer in constant attendance. The press reported in detail her progress, physical condition and consumption of food and drink. The hysteria reached such proportions that it was necessary to protect her from well-wishers and enemies alike. Her admirers pushed onto the walkway to touch her or present her with bouquets of flowers, and rumors circulated that

gamblers planned to prevent her from finishing the walk. As a precaution, escorts walked with her, and guards were stationed every few yards around the track.

On the final night, as police restrained more than 2,000 persons outside the hall, the ever increasing cheers of those inside drowned out the bravest efforts of the band. The pulsating excitement reached a pitch as Madame Anderson completed the last lap of her next-to-last quarter and was helped to the stage where she asked for quiet. She thanked the tension-gripped audience for helping her achieve a lifelong goal, that of doing something no one else had accomplished. Then, in a strained voice, she sang for them three verses of *Nif Derpendent*. Following this, she rested in her tent until the bell summoned her to the track for the last time. Two minutes and 37½ seconds later it was all over and Madame Anderson was carried from the building, a national celebrity.

Her plan to achieve economic independence in one year was a little less than \$10,000 closer to realization. This represented one-third of approximately \$32,000 in gate receipts. Of greater importance, her performance had inspired other promoters to recognize the possibilities of female pedestrianism, and she was promptly invited to walk in Pittsburgh and Chicago.

During the following months the activities of pedestriennes were front-page news from coast to coast. In San Francisco they walked for a diamond-studded belt. In Boston the girls competed for a "Bean Pot Championship." A Baltimore contest was for the "championship of Maryland." Few cities, large or small, were without a show. Events were staged in Jersey City, Hoboken, N.J., Newark, Providence, Worcester, Mass., New Haven, Conn., Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Indianapolis and

continued

Milwaukee. At one time female walkers were performing in a dozen or more locations in and around New York City alone, including Brewster's Hall at Fifth Avenue and 14th Street where simultaneous contests were being held on the second and third floors. One walker was able to transfer the location of her show from a Brooklyn theater to Brewster's Hall without interrupting her performance by traveling during her rest periods.

Bookmakers and gamblers welcomed this new opportunity to juggle odds, and, according to the more prudish editorialists, lecherous or otherwise depraved individuals found the walks a source for satisfying demented sensibilities. The shows were very quickly reduced from the status of athletic contests to sensuous performances and freak shows in which ambitious girls and women were exploited for the sake of profit. Crowds were larger if the girls dressed in a great deal of "cheap silk and cotton velvet and spangles" and covered themselves with a number of strategically placed "embarrassing bows."

Some promoters evidently attributed Madame Anderson's success in part to her foreign origin because one contest had participants from Canada, Ireland, England, Holland, Sweden, Austria, Scotland and Denmark. One Madame LaChapelle of Paris was always a popular contestant. But for those who were not attracted by parades of international beauty there were more provincial

charmers. Annie Bartell was affectionately called the "Westchester Milkmaid" because there was something "refreshingly rural" about her performance.

Lulu Loomer, dressed in embroidered blue stockings, pleased the men with her cute mannerism of keeping time with the music as she strode the boards. One shocked reporter wrote of Macie Burns, a 15- or 16-year-old girl, that "the spectacle of so young and respectable a lady exhibiting herself before a crowd of young men was not a pleasing one." But less easily outraged fans with more perverted values derived satisfaction from watching the old and infirm limp around the tracks. "Shouts of laughter" greeted one lame woman as she bobbed about the arena, according to a contemporary critic.

While their most ardent fans looked upon the pedestriennes as heroines, in some quarters of society they were regarded less highly. Fanny Edwards did not improve the image of the female athlete when she accompanied her trainer as he was haled before a court for abandoning his wife and children. She even posted the \$200 bond for his release. Following the action, the trainer left "with his mistress, while his poor wife sat crouching in an obscure corner of the courtroom, crying as if her heart would break."

Meanwhile, male walking was thriving as ever. In an Astley Belt Championship in March 1879, Charles Rowell of England defeated O'Leary and three oth-

er competitors. His prize amounted to \$18,398.13, and the other participants, except O'Leary, shared nearly an equal amount of money. Promoters of female shows quickly recognized the value of the Astley Belt formula, and, on March 26, 1879, 18 women began the race for the Walton Belt and a share of the \$1,750 prize money. Only five contestants finished what a reporter for *The New York Times* labeled "the cruel six days' walking match." One 54-year-old woman, in an extremely debilitated condition, was sent to Bellevue Hospital for medical care, rest and nourishment, and another participant was reported to have "lost her mind." Exhausted women lay unattended in their tents because they had no one to turn to for assistance.

Those who condemned the brutality of the show placed the blame upon the merciless trainers and promoters who forced impoverished walkers to perform without proper care, food or rest. Despite the protests, contests were staged frequently until June, but from July to December the number of matches was so noticeably reduced that many thought that the mania had expended itself. Then in the middle of December 1879, in an evident effort to revive interest in the activity, promoters announced the Grand Ladies' International Tournament for the Championship Belt of the World.

The producers of the contest were reformers. Female pedestrianship, as they viewed it, was an athletic contest, not a gaudy, cheap show. They required each contestant to pledge not to engage in quarreling, loud talking, profane or obscene language, either upon the track or in the tent, to keep herself perfectly neat and clean; not to appear on the track in tights without a dress covering them; and to always have her hair neatly arranged. Each walker was permitted to have only one gentleman in her tent, and she was required to have at least one female attendant. Throughout the race the performers were models of decorum, and their costumes were in good taste. In keeping with the "new look" in female pedestrianship the promoters employed guards and police, but there were no disturbances among the orderly and mannerly spectators.

Following this decorous affair, female pedestrianship understandably ceased to exist in the United States as a profitable spectator sport. END



A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST IMAGINED A SOCIETY BALL DURING THE WALKING MANIA

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. BOSTON COLLEGE (2-0) 2. PRINCETON (3-0) 3. ST. JOHN'S (2-1)

Boston College's Bob Cousy is not particularly thrilled over his team's high preseason ranking. "People are going to be shooting for us," he says. But even Cousy admits, "This is the best team we've ever had." With clever little Billy Evans wheeling and dealing the way Cousy used to; with big Terry Driscoll and Jim Kissane controlling the rebounds; and with sophomores Bob Dukiet and Pete Sollene pouring in points, BC rolled over Dartmouth 116-69 and then whipped Connecticut 76-60.

Villanova tried everything against Princeton. The Wildcats started with their "boil" defense and Princeton raced to a 23-9 lead. They switched to man-to-man and things got worse. While 6'9" Chris Thomforde and 6'8" sophomore John Hummer grabbed nearly every rebound, Joe Hesser and Jeff Penrie scored 37 points between them, and the Tigers won 77-52. "I just don't know what you can do to beat them," said Coach Jack Kraft. Two nights later it was Colgate Coach Ed Aschwald's turn to comment after Princeton swamped his team 71-43. "They're fantastic," he said.

Princeton was not all of Villanova's troubles for the week. The Wildcats tried to run with touring USC and lost the race, 82-65. St. John's, back home after a 65-63 loss to West Virginia in Morgantown, used a different approach against the tall Trojans. The Redmen attacked patiently, and it paid off. They beat USC 63-58.

Some of the East's big independents, meanwhile, learned not to underestimate the Ivy League. Syracuse was upset by Cornell 88-70, while Holy Cross, after beating Dartmouth 73-70 in overtime, was surprised by Yale 78-55. NYU, which had beaten Hunter 92-76 and Texas 75-67 in Madison Square Garden, lost to Columbia 80-64. Penn edged Rutgers 71-70 but the Scarlet recovered to take Colgate 82-69. Cornell's elation, however, was short-lived. Army, an earlier 74-70 winner over Seton Hall, drubbed the Big Red 73-59. And Syracuse came back to beat Buffalo 85-63.

Temple and La Salle were still unbeaten. Temple overwhelmed Lehigh 80-40 and Manhattan 86-78 while La Salle ran over Gettysburg 96-58 and Albright 82-40. But St. Joseph's lost twice, to Georgetown 86-74 and Bowling Green 76-73. St. Peter's beat Fairfield 88-65, and Duquesne clobbered Pitt 100-66 in the Steel Bowl final

Things were looking up for Providence. The Friars defeated Assumption 89-80 and St. Francis (N.Y.) 80-66.

But the big news was Niagara's Calvin Murphy. He bombed Villa Madonna for 57 points in the Purple Eagles won 114-66. Then, when Iona double- and triple-teamed him, Calvin concentrated on passing off. But he still scored 37, and Iona fell 100-76.

THE SOUTH 1. VANDERBILT (3-0) 2. KENTUCKY (4-0) 3. NORTH CAROLINA (2-1)

"This game has all the earmarks of being one of the finest ever played in Nashville," said Vanderbilt Coach Roy Skinner before his Commodores took on North Carolina. But in a tense, rugged first half, ears were red from embarrassment as both teams committed schoolyard errors. Suddenly, Kenny Campbell hit two jump shots and Bo Wynnandt added a third to give Vanderbilt a 33-26 lead at the half. Fouls plagued the Tar Heels in the second half and, though the visitors outscored Vandy from the floor, they could make only 10 of 22 free throws. The Commodores won 89-76. Earlier in the week, Vandy defeated Auburn 78-65, while North Carolina thumped Kent State 107-83, despite Doug Grayson's 18 straight field goals and 41 points.

Elsewhere in the SEC, Kentucky was looking like the power of old. While Adolph Rupp switched starting lineups, his young Wildcats battered Florida 99-76 and Xavier 111-76 before solving Penn's shuffle offense to win 64-49. Off the court, the 'lins' was not so easy. Negro students paraded before Kentucky home games, calling for recruitment of Negro basketball players, and berating Rupp for "superficial recruiting of black athletes at a 100% rate of non-productivity." Florida recovered from the Kentucky debacle to defeat West Virginia 82-72 as Neal Walk, the nation's leading rebounder, scored 31 points. And "Patrol Pete" Matavich continued his astounding scoring with 51 points in LSU's 90-56 win over Loyola of New Orleans. Duke salvaged some ACC pride by edging Alabama, 86-80. Maryland lost to N.C. State 75-62, but upset South Carolina 66-65.

Sophomores Mike Maloy and Doug Cook and junior Dave Moser took turns starring for Davidson. Maloy had 15 rebounds and Cook scored 18 points in a 95-68 rout of Furman, and Moser came off the bench to push the 'Cats past Michigan, 91-70.

Western Kentucky overwhelmed St. Fran-

cis of Pennsylvania 95-73, but Eastern Kentucky looked more impressive while storming from behind to knock off Dayton, 76-75. Virginia Tech finally came home and finally won, 71-67 over Wake Forest.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (4-0) 2. OKLAHOMA CITY (3-0) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (4-0)

Houston Coach Guy Lewis' game plan is never very complicated. Sometimes it is ball control, sometimes a running game, but almost always it includes getting the ball to Elvin Hayes who, more often than not, gets it into the basket. The Big E had 33 points and 21 rebounds against Abilene Christian and the Cougars won 90-75. He was outshot by North Dakota State's Ron Schlemmer, 50 points to 18, but Houston still coasted home 121-88. And when the Cougars led Illinois by only 39-37 early in the second half at Champaign, Hayes rattled in seven quick points—he had 25 in all—and Houston went on to win its fourth straight, 54-46.

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons is another coach who does not believe in subtlety. He just turns his Chiefs loose and lets them shoot to their hearts' content. Abe loves to see the ball go in the hoop, and he was delighted when Guard Rick Travis scored 32 points at DCU beat North Texas State 97-78. Then Travis got 31, Ron Koper 29, and the Chiefs routed SMU 90-73. But TCU was tougher. The Frogs led OCU with four minutes to go before succumbing 72-71.

Texas at El Paso, playing without 6'10" Prowman Phil Harris, who is on probation until December 15, got past Pan-American 66-55 and Arkansas State 57-48, but the Miners had their hands full with Arizona. Willie Cager's tip-in finally won for UTEP in overtime, 67-66.

Southwest Conference teams, meanwhile, were taking their usual thrashings from outsiders. Only Texas A&M, still unbeaten, looked respectable. The Aggies beat Trinity 106-95 in overtime, Texas State 89-43 and Southwest Texas 78-74.

THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (2-1) 2. CINCINNATI (2-0) 3. INDIANA (3-0)

The big game was in Lawrence and the strategy was deep. Kansas' Ted Owens decided to play it slow offensively, hoping his tempo would also influence Louisville's fast break. Louisville's John Dromo was committed to a zone defense—it shifted from 2-3 to 1-3-1—designed to hamper Roger Bohmenschel inside and harass Jo Jo White outside. Both plays succeeded, but Westley Unsold and Butch Hendrix broke loose for 12 points near the end to give Louisville a 57-51 victory. "We didn't attack their zone right," complained Owens. "We just

fooled around too much on the perimeter."

The showdown over, both teams went on to Chicago for what they expected would be mere workouts. Northwestern Coach Larry Glass had been saying, "There is no doubt we'll be good. We just wonder when." Nobody expected it to be against Louisville, but the young Wildcats bull-hawked the Cards to death and boxed out Umsied underneath to get at the rebounds. Guard Terry Gamber led the charge with 19 points and Northwestern took Louisville 88-83.

Loyola of Chicago's George Ireland made no secret of what his strategy would be against Kansas in the second game of the doubleheader. "Of course we'll press 'em," he said. "So what if they're taller? We'll play big." And that is just what Loyola did. The quick little Ramblers, pressing and hustling, kept on coming at the Jayhawks. Corky Bell scored 17 points. Bill Baumgartner 16 and Loyola won 83-73.

Northwestern was not the only Big Ten team that flexed its muscles for the race ahead. Indiana throttled Missouri 78-69 and Ohio U. 89-63, while Ohio State defeated Florida State 76-69 and South Dakota 97-54. Iowa broke Southern Illinois' 21-game winning streak, 61-49. (The Salukis later beat Arizona State 62-39 for their 31st straight at home.) Wisconsin came back from an 81-73 loss to Notre Dame to shatter SMU 120-82. Michigan, however, after a 104-99 win over Detroit, fell apart against Duke. The Wolverines were only two points behind at the half, but all of a sud-

den the Blue Devils, sparked by Mike Lewis' 32 points, came on strong, and Duke breezed 93-72. "Whatever I said to them at the half, I better never say it again," said Michigan's Dave Strack.

Miami of Ohio won a big one and almost put away a second upset. The Redskins, playing Coach Yates Locke's patient offense, got excellent shooting from Fred Foster (22 points) and shocked Dayton 64-61. Two nights later, Miami, with only Phil Sims firing in 24 points, had Cincinnati licked with four seconds to go. Then Gordy Smith's jump shot beat the Redskins 60-59. Toledo got a surprise, a 94-93 overtime defeat by St. Bonaventure, as Bill Butler rattled the Rockets for 30 points.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (3-0) 2. WASHINGTON (3-1) 3. WISCONSIN (4-0)

Wichita State's Gary Thompson and Iowa State's Glen Anderson were in solid agreement after UCLA demolished their teams in packed Pauley Pavilion. Wichita State was behind only 41-31 when suddenly the UCLA press destroyed the Shockers. Lew Alcindor and Mike Lynn led the Bruins on a 15-point tear and it was all over for State. Alcindor finished with 28 points, Lynn with 21, and UCLA won 120-86. The next night Alcindor piled up 45 points as the Bruins gave Iowa State an even worse mauling, 121-81, for their 31st straight. "UCLA is the best college team ever assembled," said Thompson flatly, and Anderson seconded the motion.

Even coming close to UCLA seems to inspire delusions of grandeur. Purdue's George King, whose Boilermakers have lost to the Bruins by two points, confidently predicted, "We may not lose another game." So Washington, with four sophomores in the lineup, held Rick Mount to 23 points and the Huskies shocked Purdue 98-87. The next night, however, Mount scored 30, Bill Keller 26 and Purdue beat Washington 84-77. Nebraska had similar difficulties in Pullman. After Washington State whipped his Huskers 91-70, Coach Joe Cipriano junked his zone defense and went after the Cougars man-to-man. It worked. Nebraska took the return match 91-76.

California, with 6-10? Bob Presley snapping up 27 rebounds (a school record), beat St. Mary's 76-69 and then squeaked past San Francisco 79-74 in overtime as Presley took 21 more rebounds and scored 28 points.

Idaho State became the second Big Sky team to surprise Colorado State, winning 100-89, but then the precocious Bengals got it from Wyoming. The Cowpokes, who had beaten Sacramento State 94-49 and Oklahoma State 72-62, outran Idaho State 115-96. Utah beat Colorado 95-84 and Utah State 102-90, while Brigham Young defeated Texas Tech 72-58 and Texas 63-50. **END**



LEAPING HOOK by Kedy Bogard of St. John's catches USC's 7'11" Ron Taylor on floor in 63-58 win. Bogard scored 17 points.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LONG AND SHORT

Sirs

The Case for the 12-foot Basket (Dec. 4) is a prime example of irresponsible journalism. This article could well be the catalyst for a rule change that would bring in the 12-foot basket and, with it, the decline and fall of the U.S.

It should be apparent to thinking people that such a change will soon result in 9-foot players, probably in less than a generation, at the pace of today's world. This would be a tragedy. Seven-foot men can live in our society with some difficulty; 9-footers could not. Consider American homes, almost all with 8-foot ceilings. How many billions of dollars would be required to rebuild the nation's houses? The game would not long be approved, the 7-footers would become the small men on the floor.

Let's think things through before rushing into print.

ROBERT H. RICHARDS, D.D.S.

Akron

Sirs

Raising the basket height to 12 feet to minimize the physical advantage of the big man in basketball makes about as much sense to me as making all football running backs who have 100-yard-dash times of under 10 seconds wear lead weights so that they will not have any "unfair" advantage over the slower players.

RAY LEROY

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs

Your "Case for the 12-foot basket" just might be the answer for college basketball, which now seems to be in pathetic shape. Just imagine, everyone in the U.S. takes it for granted that UCLA will go undefeated three years straight, winning about 90 games in a row. It's ridiculous.

In every other sport but basketball the underdog has some chance. The Boston Red Sox pulled "the miracle" in baseball this year, while Indiana did the same in college football. Even such perennial winners as the Green Bay Packers and Notre Dame lose occasionally. But in basketball, there are virtually no upsets when the big man takes control. Pro basketball is not much better.

Let's give the 12-foot basket a chance. Otherwise, any winter sports diet will remain husky.

TED GROSSMAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs

It occurs to me that a compromise, which should satisfy a majority of the coaches,

would be to raise the standard height of the basket one inch each year over a period of 24 years.

WILLIAM SMITH

Bethlehem, Pa.

SHORT AND SWEET

Sirs

I've just read your 1967-68 college basketball issue (Dec. 4). I hadn't realized that Providence, Holy Cross, La Salle, Villanova, Delaware (watch 'em this year!), Temple, NYU, St. John's, Fordham, Manhattan, Seton Hall, Georgetown, Army, Navy and Rutgers had stopped playing basketball. It's really strange, since about half these schools were in postseason tournaments last year.

Or maybe you'll have a supplementary issue?

BILL DESCHER

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs

Didn't you forget something in your basketball scouting report on the Big Eight, e.g., Nebraska, Kansas State, Oklahoma, Colorado, Iowa State, Oklahoma State and Missouri?

DAVID SMITH

Hayward, Calif.

Sirs

Congratulations on a great college basketball issue. I was glad to see that you did not present a list of the top 20 teams of the nation. So many sports publications rate teams in this way, and I have always thought it to be a ridiculous thing to do. How can you possibly compare teams before they have even played a single game? Hats off to SI for giving a clear, concise report on the various conferences and independents without resorting to a "top 20" list.

FRANK TOWSON

Gambier, Ohio

THOROUGHBREED CHARM

Sirs

Great! Simply great! William Johnson's splendid article, *Go to the Races* (Dec. 4), featuring the riding feats and disappointments of plucky little Rider Jesse Davidson, had much of the charm and drama of the Thoroughbreds. It reminds me of an article of a couple of years ago on "the Butterfly" (*The Happy Power of Ady Paly*, Aug. 9, 1965), telling of the crafty exploits of an Australian at England's "flying pan" track at Alexandra Park.

I could smell that Maryland friend chicken and hear the tipsters selling "Jack's Green Card." The only thing missing was reference to Sammy Palumbo, Jesse's predecessor.

For Thanks for the great entertainment.

HUGH C. MCGOWAN

Indianapolis

GAULS AND GAELS

Sirs

"'Oh! The French are on the sea,' says the *Sinn Féin* Fight!" goes an old Irish ballad about expected aid to Ireland at a point of history (Not quite the same as *Finnegans Wake*!). Well, in 1967, the French landed in West Cork and a very delightful "international incident" took place (*An Internationaal Incident in Cork*, Nov. 27).

This is to tell you that I thoroughly enjoyed Clive Gammon's article. The descriptions of the Irish countryside, the pubs and the people are excellent. I loved Minihane and O'Keefe (big Tim, no doubt!). However, it's too bad they don't know their Irish history. If they did, they would know that Irish-French relations go way back. Hence the Irish names Dooley (formerly DuLéai), Moloney (formerly Moynaux), Dalton, Driscoll, Devaney, Darcy, Dorsey and Desmond, among others.

EVELLEN M. QUINN

Bayonne, N.J.

BACKSTAGE

Sirs

In his letter (19th HOLE, Dec. 4) on Hitler and the Berlin Olympics, Avery Brundage notes that the initial competition that year, 1936, was won by a German. Correct. Tilly Fleischer, who won the women's javelin throw and broke Babe Didrikson's Games record, was responsible for the swastika flag being the first to be raised to mark a victory.

Mr. Brundage also says, "It was the first time in the history of the Games that an Olympic track-and-field event had been won by a German athlete." Incorrect. Lina Radke of Germany won the women's 800-meter run at Amsterdam in 1928. Further, though the Olympic Committee now regards the 1906 Games at Athens as "not official," the Germans won the tug-of-war that year. Tug-of-war once was part of the track-and-field program.

Incidentally, though Hitler, as Mr. Brundage says, ceased receiving victorious athletes in his box after the first day's competition, it is known that after Karl Hein won the hammer throw on the second day of competition, Hitler personally received the German athlete in the reception room behind his box. This was not witnessed by the crowd.

STANLEY SAPLIN

Director of Public Relations
New York University

New York City

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